National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXIX. NO. 45. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1869. WHOLE NO. 1,501.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 39 Nassau Street, New York.

THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

AARON M. POWELL, *Editor.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS, *Special Editorial Contributor.*

For rates of Advertising and Club terms see Fourth page.

VICISSITUDES OF PLACE AND STATION.

A PLAIN SERMON FOR THE HOUR, BY REV. JOHN T. SARGENT.

ECCLESIASTICUS 11, v.—"Many kings have sat down upon the ground, and one that was never thought of hath worn the crown." The recent inauguration of another President, and the retirement of his predecessor, amid so much rejoicing, naturally enough suggests a thought of the vicissitudes incident to place and station. GENERAL GRANT has taken his place and seat in the "WHITE HOUSE" as the successor of ANDREW JOHNSON! How much better that may be for himself or the nation than "sitting down upon the ground" according to the phraseology of our text, remains yet to be seen. Certain it is that the Presidential chair has not been very gracefully filled for the past four years. The time had fully come for its occupant to sit "on the ground" at any rate, and now the question is how much better filled in future, will be the chair he vacates. Some time ago WENDELL PHILLIPS with his wonted eloquence, gave us, here in Boston, a lecture under the topical announcement or query—"After Grant, What?"—in which he ably set forth the hazards of a non-committal candidate for the Presidency, and the risks of choosing a man whose executive purpose and policy was not previously well matured, measured, and affirmed. So exhaustive and strong were his arguments on that head, and so impressive his logic, that I have no intent, courage, or occasion to enter that field of inquiry. I merely purpose, now, to consider the general "morale" of official trusts, the fluctuations inseparable from all public station, the responsibilities attached to such positions, and the vital principles on which, for their stability, they are dependent. In the history of all nationalities there is nothing so impressive as the workings of that divine Providence which shapeth all their issues according to their loyalty or disloyalty to certain great normal principles of justice, and by which are made manifest the overrulings of an Almighty Power. Truly, in the Scripture phrase "it is He that increaseth the nations and destroyeth them." "He leadeth princes away spoiled and overthroweth the mighty." "He maketh the judges of the earth as vanity. He giveth power to the faint, and to those who have no might he increaseth strength." Nothing, in short, is more marked in the social and political annals of the world than the frequency with which the position and responsibilities of imperial powers are interchanged or overthrown either by the contingencies of an accident, or the caprices of party spirit, or the laxity and disloyalty of those powers themselves, and, back of all this the supremacy of that sublime principle of common sense justice which *must*, sooner or later, come into the ascendant as the "crowned prince" for all time.

Thus we see how the old book of "Lamentations" was filled up; how the precarious tenure of worldly fortunes, the fluctuations of human experience, the shifts and changes of social life, the uncertainty of earthly honors and possessions become the themes of a sad poesy and of oracular warnings.

The Psalmist has echoed on every string of his mournful harp the dirge of the decaying empire, while the long line of dethroned and desolate kings are groaning their response. "I have seen the wicked," saith the Psalmist, "in great power and spreading himself like a green bay tree yet he passed away and lo he was not. Yea, I sought him but he could not be found." The Old Testament has the record on almost every page of tottering dynasties, and falling thrones, and wrested sceptres, and potentates deposed, and empires convulsed and disorganized; of PHARAOH, for instance, that great rebel, who fell battling it in blasphemy with God: of JOSEPH, the Canaanite boy who rose into his place to be king of Egypt, though, for such a position, he was never, at first thought of; of AHAB the apostate prince of Israel; of BELSHAZZAR, written out recreant on the walls of his own palace; of DAVID who exchanged the shepherds crook for a sceptre; of the tyrant NEBUCHADNEZZAR exiled from his throne to the wilds; and of HEROD, (that prototype of "JEFF DAVIS,") who, in his pride was the victim of an awful death after his tyranny and persecution of the Christians. Throughout the long line of the anointed great ones there were few even of the good who remained firmly on their eminence, and none, certainly, of the proud or presumptuous who have not paid the penalty of their offences by a signal reverse or degradation. "ALEXANDER THE GREAT," so-called, after having climbed the dizzy heights of his ambition, and with his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of millions, looked down upon a conquered world, weeping that there was not another world for him to conquer, set a city on fire, and died miserably, in a scene of debauch. HANNIBAL, after having to the consternation of Rome, passed the Alps, and having put to flight the Roman armies and stripped off three bushels of golden rings from the fingers of their slaughtered knights, fled from his country, being hated by those who once united his name proudly to that of their God and called him "HANI-BAAL," and died at last by poison, a suicide! unwept, unhonored, in a foreign land! CÆSAR after having conquered 800 cities, and dyeing his garments in the blood of one million of his foes; after having pursued unto death the only rival he had on earth, was miserably assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends, and in that very place the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

So, too, in later history we find abundant illustration of that truth of our text, that "many kings have sat down upon the ground." The founder of the English monarchy, ALFRED THE GREAT," was forced to fly in battle under the plain disguise of a shepherd, and *literally* "sat down upon the ground" in a farm yard, and by the fireside of a humble peasant. So, of others, who have held similiar positions of honor and of trust. Some have been murdered hideously, by their own subjects; some have died upon the scaffold; others by suicide; others under the guillotine! See, too, how many of the great ones of earth, and of those very men we have named have risen from comparative obscurity. TWINGLE, the Reformer, was once a humble shepherd among the Alps. MELANCTHON was a workman in an armorer's shop. MARTIN LUTHER was the son of a poor miser. WILBERFORCE, CLARKSON, GARRISON, and GRANVILLE SHARP among philanthropists; SIR RICHARD ARKWRIGHT, JAMES WATT, SIR ISAAC NEWTON, and our own FRANKLIN among the men of science; JOHN MILTON, SHAKESPEARE, CHAUTRY, and SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS among the kings of poetry and the fine arts; SIR ROBERT PEEL, LORDS ELDON, LYNDHURST, BROUGHAM and others among the nobility, were, all, men of humble birth, and rose severally to their distinctions by the force of their integrity, talents, and principles. So, too our martyred PRESIDENT LINCOLN was, as you know, but a humble worker at a humble handicraft in his earlier days. So was his unworthy successor in office, ANDREW JOHNSON in *his* boyhood the apprentice in a tailor's shop, self-educated, "self made," as they say, and poorly enough at that, without ever having had (so the story goes) a single day's regular schooling, (more's the pity). JUDGE CHASE, also, the chief so long of the Supreme Judicial Court on this continent, was once a "ferry boy," but managed to paddle his way up to honorable distinctions, within an ace of the chief seat. So of other members of the Cabinet it might equally well be said how they have culminated from small beginnings. Curious, indeed, it is, thus, to trace the rise and fall of conspicuous men, and its causes; to follow out the train of seemingly fortuitous circumstances by which some have risen to office or been overthrown, while others, who once followed obsequiously at their chariot wheels, and were then disregarded, have risen into their places and worn their honors. No less noticeable is it by what seemingly singular accidents and revolutions of the popular whim, men of indifferent powers and still more questionable principles, often attain to the great place and responsibility of ruling a nation; seizing the helm of State even before they have learned to rule their own spirits; hurried into power prematurely by the acclamations of some violent faction, and to none others more truly objects of astonishment than to themselves, when they find themselves in such position. "Many passages and events, says another, happen, in this world, much like the *little cloud* that appeared at first to Elijah's servant 'no bigger than a man's hand,' but presently after grew and spread and blackened the whole heaven, and then discharged itself in thunder and rain and a mighty tempest. For who that should view the despicable beginnings of some things and persons at first could imagine or prognosticate those stupendous increases of fortune that have afterwards followed them? Who that had looked upon AGATHOCLES, first handling the clay in the trade of a *potter*, and afterwards turning robber, could have thought that from such a condition he should come to be King of Sicily! Who that had seen MASSANELLS, a poor fisherman, with his red cap and his angle, could have reckoned it possible to see such a pitiful thing, within a week after, shining in his cloth of gold, and with a word or a nod, absolutely commanding the whole city of Naples! And who that had beheld such a humble citizen as OLIVER CROMWELL, first entering the Parliament House of Great Britain with a threadbare cloak, could have suspected that, in the space of so few years, he should, by the murder of one king, and the banishment of another, ascend the throne, be invested in the royal robes, and want nothing of the estate of a king but the turning of his hat into a crown."

Within the memory, too, of some of our readers, that singular man, the first NAPOLEON, for whose completer imprisonment the English nation found it necessary to appropriate a whole island, had risen from the lowly position of a private soldier in the Corsican militia to the dizzy height of an Emperor, and, from shouldering a musket in her service, came, by rapid strides and flashes of power to wield the destinies, and wear the crown of France! And, at that time, what was he who next wore that crown as the last of the Bourbons, and from whose head it was torn by an excited populace from whose indignation he fled? A wandering boy! without influence or property; content to share, with trembling, the humbler hospitalities and shelter of this country, and since that time, by the most unlooked for transitions, the wealthiest monarch in all Europe till his throne was burned from under him by there volutionary passions of France—restless France, now rallied again around the *name* of NAPOLEON, vesting the fullness of imperial power in one, for a while, in his youth, notorious for his debts and dissipations in this country, and afterward his vagrancy in England, whose people have now come to fear him! The crown of ENGLAND, also, has laughed to scorn the pomp and circumstance of *manly* pride as it circles like an easy fillet, round a *female's* brow, as if to show us how little matters it *where* an earthly crown is placed, so uncertain is its place *anywhere* and so uneasy everywhere! So true is it that crowns decay and are reversed and the splendors of riches are transferred!

But, perhaps, in no country are there so frequent and ample illustrations of political and social reverses as in our own. In a community so heterogeneous and fluctuating as ours, the poor man of to-day is the rich man of to-morrow. The man whom you saw, yesterday, delving in the earth, or engaged in humble offices, whether as *cobbler, factory-boy, rail-splitter, tanner, street-sweeper* or *mechanic*, by some convulsion or upturning of fortune's favors, or his own thrift, good principle, and perseverance, is now lifted up into office, affluence, and favor. Go through the streets of our cities. Count the stately dwellings—look through the collonades, and by the lintel of almost every porch you may read the names of many, who, from humbler antecedents, and even what are called or thought menial trades have risen to some position of influence and responsibility as millionaires! And then, again, look how unsteadily stand most of those who have attained that worldly eminence! How many of those who once rioted in luxury and lived on pinnacles like very kings, and vainly thought they ne'er should fall, have tumbled from their high estate and abdicated their position and had their condition totally reversed by some stroke of accident, a spark of fire, a financial reverse, or by their own indiscretion. So of organizations or parties in politics, as with individuals, the same general rule, the same inexorable law of retribution holds good. And the chief causes, evidently, of the ill success of *either* political party which have so long alternated in the sway of our government have been their greed of power their want of principle, their laxity of aim or purpose, their compromise with selfish ends, their disloyalty to the one, great, absolute democratic idea by which both parties professed to be governed. And, on the ground of this delinquency, we *arraign* both. There is not much to choose between them on the score of a disinterested patriotic virtue when you come to weigh both in the scales of absolute right. They have both been looking too much after the "loaves and fishes" of a mere party success, selecting, craftily, for their Presidential candidates the most *available* men who had a certain "prestige" of popularity by their military or civil "eclat," without regard to the slight modicum of executive ability or statesmanship they might chance to possess.

Now, all such narrowness of motive, all such limitations of aim are sure to be followed by a judgment of all concerned; and any party which so indulges its whim by compromise, will, sooner or later, have to sit down on the ground of disappointment and defeat. No parties, no individuals, no organization can ever thrive, in the long run, if they are untrue to first principles; if they equivocate or controvert, or practically oppose the rights of man, or woman either; if, in short, they compromise or do not go for the rights of *humanity* without reservation and without consideration of *class, condition, color*, or *sex*.

Take now, for illustration, our national experience, in years past, as to that one enormous, hideous nuisance, that "*sum of all villainies*," "chattel slavery," whose base form fell down, at last, mortally wounded amid the blood and thunder of our civil war, and the shouts of "EMANCIPATION," though the odor of its foul carcase still remains with us! By what a shameful series of compromises, evasions, excuses, and special pleadings was it allowed to live so long as it did among us, teasing our social order, tormenting our civil relations, and shaming our national honor! The American Church, (as was but too notorious) was, for more than half a century its bulwark and defence! The so-called, Christian ministry, with but few exceptions, winked at it, and quoted Scripture in its defence! The State connived at it, and gave it sanction and defence by its laws. Southern politicians, for its further protection, went secretly armed into Congress, shook their fists in the faces of every true man there, who dared question its right to be, or else struck down such an one in his seat with the assassin's cudgel. That vile institution had got to be, as it were, a very king to reign over us, but was, none the less one of those kings doomed, by the judgments of God, to "*sit down upon the ground.*" While, on the other hand, they who were "never thought of" or only calumniated as its antagonists, its unceasing opponents and protestants, the anti-slavery apostles, have "*worn a crown*" of success in the culmination of their anti-slavery enterprise, and the penitent sympathies and concessions of a converted people who *now* see the wisdom of all the warnings of those fanatics, while in the enthusiastic and reverent songs and hallelujahs of our victorious armies, and the grateful homage of our brave colored soldiers, it is acknowledged that "though John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave—his *soul* goes marching on!"

And what now are the lessons we are to learn by these facts and revelations of national experience and caprice? these illustrations of vicissitude growing out of human craft and a perverse national policy? They are—first, to plant ourselves firmly, unequivocally, as individuals, and as a people, on the *right*, the *true*, the *patriotic*, the *firm ground* of allegiance to those things which are "honest, pure, just, lovely, and of good report," for with every crash of an empire or of unjust usurpation, and with every defeat of confederate wrong we seem to hear the admonition—"Woe unto them that devise iniquity—that build their house by unrighteousness and their chambers by wrong—that use their neighbor's service without wages, that justify the wicked for reward." They are like the chaff which the wind scattereth, and as the smoke vanisheth in the tempest, or as the wax melteth in the fire so shall the ungodly perish at the presence of God, for "it is he that disappointeth the devices of the crafty." "The day of the Lord of Hosts shall be upon every one that is proud and lifted up and he shall be brought low." Even so it is. By no compromise with wrong—by no setting aside of right principle can we *ever*, in the long run, hope to secure either self respect or national stability, or a permanent hold on the sympathies of our fellow men. The highest prizes of popular favor, no less than the truest and deepest sympathies of social regard will be sure to slip out of the grasp of him who would gain *either* by any disloyalty to his best convictions of right. True indeed it is that nothing is constant or unchanging but the wisdom of God; nothing sure, infallible, or unfading but *truth, holiness, equity, virtue, infinite justice, and lofty principle.* We may build, on other ground, the perishable fabrics of earthly fame or fortune. We may organize our empires, and hold conventions, and elect our magistrates, and pile up monuments, and lift our standards amid torch-light processions, and accumulate wealth, and climb up into various positions and platforms of eminence, but, after all, the various pillars, pedestals, and platforms of our pride *must* crumble and come down sooner or later unless they are based and planted on the principles of eternal justice—on the elements of that "righteousness which alone exalteth a nation."

How finely is that saying of out text exemplified in the life, history, and influence of that humble Nazarene to whom the Christian world, with half idolatrous worship as by acclamation, has given the name of SAVIOR! How striking the contrast between the limited influence and brief sway of earthly empires or organizations and the sublime growth of *his* kingdom of simple goodness, justice and truth! Look back at the myriad crowns, and almost as many thrones which have toppled over and passed away since Christ came to the world with his Messianic mission! How are they all eclipsed by the simpler, purer, and still accumulating glories of the "sun of righteousness!" And even that "crown of thorns," which, in mockery they gave him at last, has now become a brighter coronet than all the diadems, which, with their sparkling circles have encompassed other brows. The very emblems and instruments of his crucifixion—the cross itself, lifted as it is, now, over turrets, and temples, and cathedrals, and battlements, and church altars, and dying slaves has passed into an apotheosis, and become more glorious and sacred than all the gorgeous or gay insignia which Emperors or Presidents have been able to accumulate around their person or their palaces. And this success of his is typical of further triumphs to the absolute radical religion of our time, no less surely destined to a positive ascendency and coronation because it so essentially represents the great vital principles which quicken humanity in all ages. And in this era of increasing ecclesiastical controversy as to what *is* absolute religious truth, and amid all these jealous wrestlings of conservatism on the one hand and radicalism on the other, the truly rationalistic principles of religion are just as sure to culminate and wear the

Years ago THEODORE PARKER was ecclesiastically and socially ostracised because of his enunciation of these great principles: so was the writer of this discourse for simply sympathizing and claiming for him a hearing! But, *now*, the very men of the conservative churches who once denounced PARKER as an infidel and shut him out from their pulpits, seem to be vieing with one another in their profession of reverence for those very principles of his. Thus "the world moves," and the leaven of what was once called heresy is going deep into all the theologies of our time! Indeed, we might, here, make a very close and literal application of our fruitful text and say, "Many kings or many *dogmatists* of regal pretensions, have sat down upon the ground, under the constraint of their debility, and in the humility of their later and better convictions, while he who was but little thought of except with reproaches now "wears the crown."

Let us then hope and trust, while we labor, that these great ideas and principles of the absolute and everlasting right may be still farther culminated and acknowledged as the only basis of all true prosperity whether to the individual, the church, or the State.

DEMONSTRATION IN HONOR OF MAZZINI.

A LADY now staying at Lugano sends us the following account of a demonstration in honor of the great Italian republican:

"Lugano, Feb. 11th.—We had just finished our soup yesterday when we heard a very vociferous band, and the shouting of a multitude of voices, and when the band and multitude came nearer we found that the band was performing the Hymn of 'Garibaldi,' and the multitude was shouting 'Evviva Mazzini.' We soon saw that a torch-light procession was approaching. The torches looked very pretty in the clear starlight, and the people were so vigorous and enthusiastic in their shouts when they reached the Tangiva that there was no help for it, and he was compelled to show himself. When they had screamed themselves hoarse they began calling on him to speak to them, and the most notable citizens (the principal members of the municipal council, among them a member of the Federal Government) ranged themselves in front and commanded silence. He thanked them in a few grave words, saying that he had not strength for more, but accepting the demonstration as intended not for him as an individual, but as a proof of sympathy for the Italian Republic, which he assured them was the inevitable and not distant future. The member of the government then replied that such was indeed their meaning; they wished to express their sympathy with his noble life of self-sacrifice, their joy at his recovery, because they regarded him as the representative of the Republican principle, and because they desired to see Italy enjoy the blessing of free government and Republican institutions.

Mazzini then added a few words in honor of Cattaneo, a Republican exile of 1848, whom the Luganians had elected a citizen of their canton, and who died here last week, and was buried by his friends without the intervention of any priest. This gave occasion for a very good speech from a Swiss, who had been one of the orators over Cattaneo's tomb, to the effect that their demonstration and the day they had chosen for it had another meaning; it meant also their abhorrence of lies and hypocrisy; their hatred of the priests. This produced the most vehement applause, and when it had ended Mazzini said a few words, to the effect that if he shared their abhorrence of the actual priesthood it was because of his reverence for religion which was holy and eternal; because God was the Father of all men, and that the human soul had no need of a privileged interpreter between itself and God, the people being destined to be the prophet of the future. He was listened to in reverential silence, interrupted only by an occasional 'Bene' and 'Bravo,' and then with a concluding demonstration of "Evvivas" and torch-waving the band struck up again and they went their way home."—*From the London Morning Star.*

GENERAL GRANT'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES: Your suffrages having elected me to the office of President of the United States, I have, in conformity with the Constitution of our country, taken the oath of office prescribed therein. I have taken this oath without mental reservation, and with the determination to do, to the best of my ability, all that it requires of me.

The responsibilities of the position I feel, but accept them without fear. The office has come to me unsought; I commence its duties untrammelled. I bring to it a conscientious desire and determination to fill it to the best of my ability to the satisfaction of the people. On all leading questions agitating the public mind I will always express my views to Congress and urge them according to my judgment, and when I think it advisable will exercise the constitutional privilege of interposing a veto to defeat measures which I oppose. But all laws will be faithfully executed, whether they meet my approval or not.

I shall on all subjects have a policy to recommend, none to enforce against the will of the people. Laws are to govern all alike—those opposed to as well as those in favor of them. I know no method to secure the repeal of bad or obnoxious laws so effective as their stringent execution.

The country having just emerged from a great rebellion, many questions will come before it for settlement in the next four years, which preceding Administrations have never had to deal with. In meeting these, it is desirable that they should be appreciated calmly, without prejudice, hate, or sectional pride, remembering that the greatest good to the greatest number is the object to be attained. This requires security of person, property, and for religious and political opinion in every part of our common country, without regard to local prejudice. All laws to secure this end will receive my best efforts for their enforcement.

A great debt has been contracted in securing to us and our posterity the Union. The payment of this, principal and interest, as well as the return to a specie basis as soon as it can be accomplished without material detriment to the debtor class or to the country at large, must be provided for.

To protect the national honor, every dollar of the government indebtedness should be paid in gold, unless otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract. Let it be understood that no repudiator of one farthing of our public debt will be trusted in public places, and it will go far toward strengthening a credit which ought to be the best in the world, and will ultimately enable us to replace the debt with bonds bearing less interest than we now pay. To this shall be added a faithful collection of the revenue, a strict accountability to the Treasury for every dollar collected, and the greatest practicable retrenchment in expenditures in every department of government.

When we compare the paying capacity of the country now with ten States still in poverty from the effects of the war, but soon to emerge, I trust, into greater prosperity than ever before, with its paying capacity twenty-five years ago, and calculate what it probably will be twenty-five years hence, who can doubt the feasibility of paying every dollar then with more ease than we now pay for useless luxuries? Why, it looks as though Providence had bestowed upon us a strong box, the precious metals locked up in the sterile mountains of the far West, which we are now forging the key to unlock, to meet the very contingency that is now upon us.

Ultimately it may be necessary to increase the facilities to reach these riches, and it may be necessary also that the General Government should give its aid to secure this access. But that should only be when a dollar of obligation to pay secures precisely the same sort of dollar in use now, and not before.

While the question of specie payments is in abeyance, the prudent business man is careful about contracting debts payable in the distant future; the nation should follow the same rule. A prostrate commerce is to be rebuilt, and all industries encouraged. The young men of the country—those who form this age and must be rulers twenty-five years hence—have a peculiar interest in maintaining the national honor. A moment's reflection upon what will be our commanding influence among the nations of the earth in their day, if they are only true to themselves, should inspire them with national pride. All divisions, geographical, political, and religious, can join in the common sentiment.

How the public debt is to be paid, or specie payments resumed, is not so important as that a plan should be adopted and acquiesced in. A united determination to do is worth more than divided counsels upon the method of doing. Legislation on this subject may not be necessary now, nor even advisable; but it will be when the civil law is more fully restored in all parts of the country, and trade resumes its wonted channels. It will be my endeavor to execute all laws in good faith, to collect all revenues assessed, and to have them properly disbursed. I will, to the best of my ability, appoint to office only those who will carry out this design.

In regard to foreign policy, I would deal with nations as equitable law requires individuals to deal with each other, and I would protect the law-abiding citizen, whether of native or of foreign birth, wherever his rights are jeopardized, or the flag of our country floats. I would respect the rights of all nations, demanding equal respect for our own. If others depart from this rule in their dealings with us, we may be compelled to follow their precedent.

crown as the progress of the human race is the established law of God's providence.

The proper treatment of the original occupants of this land, the Indians, is one deserving of careful consideration. I will favor any course towards them which tends to their civilization, Christianization, and ultimate citizenship.

The question of suffrage is one which is likely to agitate the public, so long as a portion of the citizens of the nation are excluded from its privileges in any State. It seems to me very desirable that this question should be settled now, and I entertain the hope and express the desire that it may be by the ratification of the fifteenth amendment to the Constitution.

In conclusion, I ask patient forbearance one towards another throughout the land, and a determined effort on the part of every citizen to do his share towards cementing a happy Union; and I ask the prayers of the nation to Almighty God in behalf of this happy consummation.

OLD JOHN BROWN.

HOW HIS SOUL HAS BEEN MARCHING ON.

Correspondence of The Chicago Evening Journal.

HARPER'S FERRY, February 14th, 1869.

HERE I am at this noted spot and county, where the immortal John Brown ended his earthly career. Many will inquire, How is it there now, and how about his persecutors? I answer, the whole place and region was "tramped, tramped, tramped" by contending armies, *pro* and *con*, during the rebellion, till nearly every green thing was destroyed, and the whole country laid waste by war. Winchester, thirty miles up the Shenandoah Valley, was one hundred and twenty times taken and re-taken ere the war closed.

Here, at the Ferry, all the United States Armory buildings are in ruins, and the whole place looks dilapidated. The old engine house that John Brown so nobly defended still stands seemingly in mourning, and a monument of the old hero's daring deeds. From here he was carried to Charlestown, and we pass over to look. Here is his jail, now all in ruins, save the broken walls; near by is the Court House, where he was tried. The roof is torn off and the inside all, nearly all gone. Here they stand, monuments of wrath. Just over the hill is the field where he was executed. Relic-hunters have carried off, in pieces, the gallows and all the wood near. Here our soldiers tramped through the town singing "John Brown's Soul is Marching On" and made the very spot where he was executed a favorite camping-ground. Thus was verified his prediction, when on the scaffold, I see many soldiers here to-day, but, ere long, there will be many more soldiers here."

The county seat was removed during the war, and, to a visitor, the whole place looks dilapated.

Gen. Lee, who came to take John Brown, is known. He sunk from honor to dishonor in his country's history. From a leader in the slave-holders' war, he fell to the condition of a paroled prisoner, and is ever to live under the reproach of a rebel. Wise, the Governor, has been "hunted like a partridge upon the mountains", his son was slain and his house was long made a freedman's schoolhouse. A. J. has given back to him his house, where, in solitude he now meditates, perhaps to grow wiser. "Mason, of Virginia." who was so active and zealous for Brown's execution, has become a fugitive from his country, and a wanderer in foreign lands. Should he be pardoned and return to his home—alas! where is it? I saw its ruins to-day at Winchester—nay, its utter desolation; for there our soldiers left only a heap of stones, on which poor Mason may sit and mourn.

The lawyers and judges, and jurors engaged in convicting Brown of murder all have desolated homes, and lastly I mention the executioner, who recently died at Charlestown. On his dying bed he said John Brown's spirit was haunting him—he saw it—and died in great agony of mind.

The *Independent*, of New York, predicted "if they hung John Brown they would hang slavery with him." Behold how quickly it was verified. How mysterious are God's providences, yet how manifest. While we cannot approve of all that John Brown did, yet let us not shut our eyes to history and facts.

His "soul is now marching on" in the freedmen schools hereabouts which are being successfully kept in each of these towns by the Freewill Baptists—that Church which has ever stood steadfast for freedom. Here at the Ferry they have a chartered college started. Though, as yet, in its infancy, it promises well. Congress has lately given them the grounds on these heights, and several large buildings on them, formerly occupied by Government officers. Here they are gathering the blacks from the region round about, to educate them, and be educators to their race. Surely, that soul is still "marching on," no longer in war and emancipation, but in the elevation and christianizing of the colored race. H. W. C.

COLORED PEOPLE IN AMERICA.

THE LINCOLN UNIVERSITY—EXTRACT OF AN ADDRESS BY THOMAS WEBSTER, ESQ.

THE following is an extract of an address delivered by Thomas Webster, Esq., of Philadelphia, at Oxford, Pa., upon the occasion of the presentation to the Lincoln University of several articles of historical interest.

Mr. President, Members of the Faculty, and Ladies and Gentlemen: When vividly impressed, in June last, at the Commencement, with the marked success of this institution, its great excellence, and the vast influence it is likely to exert on the future of the Anglo-African race, and through them on the welfare and destiny of our country, my pleasure was tinged with sorrow, as I reflected that I was unable to contribute even a mite to your treasury. I spoke to your estimable President of my regret, and offered to him, for the decoration of your walls, an oil painting, which I had caused to be executed during the war, by that eminent artist, Geo. F. Bensell, of Philadelphia, depicting a scene in the great struggle, in which a colored man is conspicuous. It represents the flag sergeant of a regiment of colored troops—the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts—before Fort Wagner, severely wounded, and exclaiming to his sympathizing officer: "I NEVER ONCE LET THE OLD FLAG TOUCH THE GROUND."

Your President accepted my offering. It is here to be given to you, and with it two flags, one used by "the School for the applicants for the command of colored troops," organized and maintained in 1863 and '64 at Philadelphia by the Supervisory Committee for the recruiting of colored troops," which furnished two colonels, ten lieutenant colonels and majors, and eighty-two other officers to colored regiments. The other flag is the gift of John H. Cochran, of Philadelphia, formerly a colonel in the army. This flag was borne by colored men in the streets of Nashville, Tenn., and under it some thousands of colored soldiers were recruited. I have also a volume to present to you. It is Senator Wilson's History of Reconstruction. That untiring friend of human rights sends it to you.

Your all-souled and most sanguine Principal regards these trifling evidences of sympathy with him and his colleagues in their work, and solicitude for the students gathered here, as the nucleus of greater things. He feels assurances so strong as almost to amount to the belief that this painting is but the first of a creditable art gallery; these flags but the first contributions to a considerable museum of historic relics, and the single volume among the first of a fine library, all which will soon enrich and adorn this noble University, the first specifically designed for the colored race.

These things may be, and liberal contributions in money, in time, in land and in labor may continue to flow in and strengthen this University—for the new-born sympathy for the colored race which our sufferings, our agonies, our losses, our perils and the efforts for our very salvation wrung from us in the darkest hours of our woe, has not not yet subsided, nor do I believe it will subside or abate in the least if the colored race can prove and will prove itself equal to the demands made upon it. With your permission, Mr. President and gentlemen of the Faculty, I will say a few words to these students whom I see before me.

Gentlemen and Fellow-citizens of the United States (I wish I could say fellow-citizens of Pennsylvania)—allow me to make a few remarks to you in the greatest frankness. In what I say I may not only not coincide with your views, but I may differ so widely from them, as to incur your disapprobation. I hope, however, for a different result.

I wish to say that my experience as chairman of the Supervisory Committee, which raised thirteen regiments of colored troops to assist in quelling the rebellion was, that not more than one person out of ten who were in favor of organizing negro troops approved of that measure, because and for the reason that the formation of such troops would elevate the negro in the scale of humanity. And I believe that what was true here, in Eastern Pennsylvania, was true everywhere. Nearly all who approved or acquiesced in the movement, and many who freely gave their money to accelerate it, were actuated by no higher motive than a desire to save a further drain on skilled labor—to have the draft avoided—to keep their sons or themselves at home, or in some way to save the white race as much as possible from further exposure, injury and destruction. Well do I remember when it was proposed in the Supervisory Committee to issue a placard inviting negroes to enlist and promising to them the ballot for the bullet, how earnestly such a pledge was opposed. Such was the real state of feeling in 1863.

Bear in mind that the very first idea that promised to benefit your race, which the war developed, viz.: the construction of the legal word "*contraband*"—applying it to a fugitive slave—was but a legal quirk. Shrewd and sharp, indeed, but not approximating to, nor aiming for, the idea of justice or humanity, or anything ennobling. Then again, remember the reasoning which preceded and accompanied Emancipation, and especially recall the time the utterances were made. Our armies have been defeated; 100,000 men had fallen on the field of battle or had died in the hospitals. Our credit was sinking, Europe was about to recognize the South, the dismay overhung us on all sides, when, in September, '62, a *warning* proclamation was issued, *threatening* emancipation, as an aggressive retaliatory measure on the South. The warning was unheeded, and on January 1st, 1863, the proclamation came emancipating slaves without and beyond the lines of the Union armies, where it could not be enforced, and specifically and emphatically affirming and protecting slavery within the lines of the Union armies—just where the Government had control of the subject. Well indeed, might Mr. Seward describe the proclamation as "a Pope's bull against a comet;" and such it might have been but for the series of victories which followed within the next two years. True, that as early as December, 1861, one noble mind had proclaimed freedom, and in May, 1862, had organized negro troops, with the distinct purpose, first, of saving his country, second, of elevating the negro. I mean Gen. Phelps, whose Ship Island proclamation and whose regiments of negro soldiers, organized at Carrollton, above New Orleans, were the key notes of that good and grand

policy which the disasters of the summer and fall of 1862 wrung from the Government.

In time came the final capitulation of rebel armies and peace (if the mere absence of war can be called peace), and the many schemes for the reconstruction of the South, commencing with none that distinctly conferred the franchise on your race, and ending with the plan that demands the franchise for you in seven of the ten rebel States. Reflect for a moment on the confused and murky history of this so recent period, and see if in it all you do not derive the idea and come to the conclusion that so much of suffrage as your race enjoys at the South is due, not primarily to our sense of justice to you, but rather to the blunders of the South in not accepting what we first offered to them. Our passion, and not a sense of justice, has guided us—if, indeed, we have conferred the suffrage, as we proclaimed emancipation, more as a punishment to white rebels than a reward to black loyalists. * * * * * * *

With your freedom comes perfect liberty of action. You may now diversify your labor as much as you please. That you will need instructors, and that they will be difficult to find—that the mighty prejudice against you stalks here, as everywhere, is true—but dismissing this difficulty for the present let me ask: Does the colored race show a desire to acquire a knowledge of the mechanic arts? Has it ever evinced an aptitude for them? Personally, so far as my observation has extended, I answer both these questions affirmatively, to a certain extent, and under considerable exceptions—but more heartily, however, to the latter question. I believe it is generally conceded that there is more of capacity to acquire than desire to learn the mechanic arts. One thing is certain, my friends, that without an average knowledge of them, no race, or community of men, in this age of material power and progress, no matter how favored the race or community may be, can be other than a weak and inferior people. You have yet to *start* in these branches of labor. The knowledge of trade and commerce, so much easier to acquire and more alluring to pursue, are infinitely less independent, or efficient for the improvement of your race. As to teachers—let but the colored youth show the disposition to acquire the scientific and mechanical arts, and have sufficient rudimentary education to commence, and if white master mechanics and others still refuse to teach them, Manual Labor Colleges, with workshops and steam-engines and machinery and tools and laboratories, and instructers, and all the means and appliances, will spring into existence as this University has. Begin! Begin! You have given—especially here at the North—as many of your children, for generations past, to be servants, and barbers, and bootblacks, and whitewashers, as is necessary to keep those occupations from being lost and forgotten. Let your children now become mechanics.

To fit oneself for the proper discharge of the duties of a freeman and a citizen and to become a mechanic, one must have the rudiments of education, at least; one must be able to read, to write, and to understand the first primary rules of arithmetic. This, your first want at the South, has been partially provided for, and for the past four years schools have been open and teachers busy. At this moment, not less than 20,000 teachers, allowing one teacher to every 40 pupils, are needed to instruct the millions of blacks of both sexes at the South under 25 years of age. And as colored teachers have been found to be more successful than white teachers, what an immense work this opens to you, and to us, to train up rapidly the more intelligent and apt, that they may commence this glorious work without delay.

And when these teachers are found, or made, and sent forth on their simple but most important work, how are they to be inspired to a higher conception of their missions, and trained to a better knowledge of discharging them? How shall intelligent, learned, cultivated negro ministers of Christ be found in every county of the South? How shall liberally educated negro teachers and professors be furnished for the higher schools and academies for the negro youth of the South? How are negro editors, negro physicians and negro lawyers to be provided for the negro race South? How are all these instructors and guides to be made that the entire negro race may be educated, developed, trained, improved and cultivated to its highest capacity?

This work can be accomplished only by this noble University—by its extension, and duplication, and reduplication, and by similar colleges specifically dedicated to the same purpose. You, my young friends, are among the first of that band who are to train yourselves, to gird on your armor and go forth and battle in the great work of elevating your race to the level of their new station, their new privileges, their new responsibility. Perhaps you would ask me, just here, why so much concern about the intellectual development of the negro, simply because you have conferred the suffrage on him, when you, the proud Caucasian governing race, have allowed the same suffrage to masses of ignorant disloyal whites, who have voted against the preservation of the Government itself? Why not freely trust the negro with confidence, for in despite of his ignorance he has never voted wrong, nor acted wrong to his country? I reply—if there is any principle connected with our system of Republican government which is universally unchallenged, it is the axiomatic truth that our system rests absolutely on the virtue and intelligence of the people.

A distinguished statesmen residing not far off recently said: "Here is what I conceive to be the great problem of the age: Can a Republican Government be preserved? In other words, is there virtue and intelligence enough in any people to maintain it? and I confess in humiliation, when you ask me for my answer, that I do not know." Professor Wickersham, the General Superintendent of the Public schools of the State in his address last week, before the Teachers' Institute of this county, when quoting these remarks, added: "And when you ask me this question I frankly say I do not know." I, an obscure citizen, have often asked myself the same question, and the response has immediately been: I do not know. Every year adds to the number of reflecting minds who propounded this question, and still the answer is inconclusive.

And yet with this pregnant doubt everywhere obtruding itself, we have recently conferred suffrage—*i. e.* equal participation in government—on a race which but a year or two since we would not trust with their own persons or family. Have we by this gift of the franchise enlarged the foundations of virtue and intelligence on which our institutions rest? Have we thereby obtained new securities for the future? This mighty problem is yet to be worked out. I believe we have gained fresh guarantees—because at last we have become consistent with our pledges to the world—of our faith in Man—and are sincerely working to practically carry out the principles of our sublime Declaration. But how great is the faith, how responsible our position, and how awful the consequences if failure should ensue!

Your race *must* march at once with us, abreast if you can, but with us even if you have to be dragged along. We cannot separate.

> "For laws of changeless Justice bind
> Oppressor with oppressed:
> And close as sin and suffering joined,
> We march to fate abreast."

We must secure our foundations by enlarging the virtue and intelligence of your race and of our own, of every family and offshoot of both, and of whatever other races that now or hereafter may compose the American people—else the days of the Republic may be counted. Universal Suffrage I conceive to be an indispensable necessity, and without it no government can be just, liberal and stable. It proclaims the equality of man, secures equality of rights, and promotes fraternity. Stripping man of all impediments to progress, it leaves him free and urges him onward and upward, and his advance is limited only by his ignorance, his passions, and his vices. The most debased classes are less vile with the ballot than without it. Manhood recognized, of itself excites to better things; and generations born to ignorance and vice, under universal suffrage grow to the full stature of good citizens.

The fathers solemnly enjoined on us the primal and paramount necessity of educating all the people, if we would preserve the priceless legacy of free government they bequeathed to us. Notwithstanding our grand system of free, universal education at the North, there is an immensity yet remaining to be done, here as well as at the South, among the white as well as among the colored, to preserve our free government. It is but a few years since, when it was a common faith that our Republican system was as secure as the eternal hills, and that we were the favored of the earth—favored as no other people ever had been—to whom no ill could happen, so far removed were we from the causes which had brought calamities on all other nations and peoples.

In our pride, we said: "Universal liberty and equality has given us a model system of Government; power is defined, and is forever flowing back to the people from whom it emanates. They determine by universal suffrage who shall govern and what policy shall prevail, and the minority acquiesce in the fair expression of the public voice. Universal suffrage will forever preserve this temple of liberty. No civil wars for power can ever ensue, for the ballot is a quicker and surer method of establishing rightful authority. Nor can there even be a war growing out of religious persecution, for universal toleration and freedom of speech, and of the press, make that impossible. Nor can wars arise from the inequality of wealth, for wise laws have prohibited its entailment, and it, like power, is forever running back to the people. Nor can wars arise from destitution or famine, for there are unlimited acres of land of unsurpassed fertility and cheapness, and with the climate of all zones." Thus we rejoiced in our blessings, claiming to be wiser in our government than all of Greek, or Roman or modern fame, exempt as no other people ever were from miseries and woe; and even as we rejoiced, civil war broke out among us, rocking our temple to its very cornerstone and covering the land with desolation and death in every form. And *assassination*, the foul political weapon of the dark ages, became a Power among us—the murderous bullet triumphed over the freeman's vote. Thus were we humbled, rebuked, chastised and overwhelmed with war and its appaling train of horrors and crime—thus felt THE GREAT MARTYR even as he uttered charity for all and malice towards none. What a tremendous exorcism of our impious crime of Slavery!

And are we redeemed? Have we paid all the penalty by mere restitution? Are our centuries of crime expiated? Have we contracted no new vices? What evils have we yet to be purged of? The same distinguished statesman whom I have quoted, speaking of the late civil war, said:

"It was a stupendous school of vice, North and South. We have lost more in one war by the adulteration of virtue than by the expenditure of treasure. We have acquired new habits and new thoughts, and unless we shall soon come under strong restraints, liberty will be, must be lost." Must we, ere the first century of our power has rolled away, must we confess to the commencement of our decline?—and foreseeing our early fall, exclaim with the poet:

> "How is the moral of all human tales;
> 'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,
> First Freedom and then Glory—when that fails,
> Wealth, Vice, Corruption—barbarism at last."

—If there is this adulteration of virtue, if new habits and new thoughts are enervating and debasing us, we must purify the one and extirpate the others. No party resolves or legislative action can medicine these ills. Private morals and political morals can only be purified—the virtue and the intelligence of the people only be increased and intensified—by persistent private action. With you, my colored friends, and you, Reverend Clergy and learned Professors, and you, ladies and gentlemen, and with us all, whether old or young, rich or poor, rests the treatment. Personal effort and example is the remedy, and there is no one so mighty but should, nor any so obscure but can assist in securing and widening the foundations on which the temple of our liberty is built.

But war, too, has its bright side, its idealizing aspirations, its quickening impulses, its ennobling teachings, its grand regenerations.

My young colored friends, I have spoken to you with directness and in plain terms, without reserves, explanation or apology for anything which might sound harsh or be susceptible of misconstruction.

I have assumed that my motives could not be misunderstood, and that I am addressing young gentlemen of considerable education and some experience, who know too much to be morbidly sensitive, who don't wish to be flattered or patronized, but who wish to know all they can of the views and opinions their friends have of the present and future of the Anglo-African race and our common country. Were you other than you are—were you plantation hands for example, my remarks would be different, but my sincere desire to assist your race not a whit less.

You are the *élite* of your people, gathered within the walls of this University, to train and fit yourselves for the educating and elevating of your race, and because you are such and no other I shall continue my remarks in the same direct, plain manner.

My friends, the conferring of the franchise on your people is not popular. The Democratic party, comprising nearly one half the nation, are fiercely arrayed against it, and *more* than half the Republican party, in my deliberate opinion, dislike it or fear it, and of the remaining portion only about a moiety are active and zealous in their championship for it. I have said it was conferred upon you more as a punishment to white rebels than as a reward to black loyalists. That you have it South is an accident. It is one of the few things realized which is due to the leaders of party rather than to the people who make leaders and then lead them. There are exceptions to all rules, and there are exceptions to this assertion of mine. There were, and there are, leaders in Congress who are leaders among the people. They are the exceptions, and brightest, best of them all was single-hearted, glorious old THADDEUS STEVENS, *to whom you owe this suffrage*. His was a life devoted to justice and to you. Cherish his memory. Revere his name, and teach it to your children and to your latest generation.

Negro suffrage, if not popular, is nevertheless a fact. It is a grand fact. You may say, what care we whether it be popular or not—it is a fact in seven of the ten rebel States, and will soon be a fact in the remaining three States, in which 1,200,000 of us live—a third of our whole population. But, my friends, will it be fact two years hence? And *when* will it be fact in Pennsylvania, in Ohio, in Kentucky, Maryland and Delaware, wherein 430,000 of you reside, about a tenth of your whole number? Why hardly half of you have yet got the ballot. Let us reflect. At the present time there is more consideration being given to the subject of universal suffrage, more doubt and misgivings felt about it, more radical, bold outspoken theories concerning it, than ever before in the land. This doubt and discussion is not confined to either party, or to any race, or to any condition of society or period of life. There is doubt on the value and efficacy of universal suffrage now in places where heretofore its worth was unchallenged. Some complain of the ignorant foreign vote, and divide and subdivide their complaints by nativities and by sects; others complain of the ignorant native-born vote, and all of frauds and corruption. Some urge a moral, others an intellectual, others a property qualification, but all demand a restriction. A change limiting or restricting the suffrage, in my judgment, would mark the commencement of a decline in our system of government, and be a confession of partial failure.

The doubt felt and the interest shown in this vital feature has been developed and intensified by our granting the suffrage to your people. We have to meet the objections urged against the extension of the suffrage—that's our fight. You have to combat prejudice—that's your fight. And what a stupendous conflict it is! It will be in civil strife more than ever yet has been imposed on man. You Anglo-Africans, supposed to be the weakest of the human race, are entering into a contest such as the strongest never had to fight. You, four to five millions in number—one-eighth or at most one-sixth of whom are of intermixed mixed white blood and the remainder of pure African descent, most of whom cannot read, and nine-tenths of whom have recently been slaves—are to be pitted against what is held to be a superior race, and to be tried and judged by its standard.

What is summoned up against you? Oh! it is a frightful mass of prejudice, error and truth. That you are a distinct race from us; that you are black, and were designed by Almighty God to be apart from us, or, if with us, to be our hewers of wood and drawers of water; that there is a natural, universal and uneradicable aversion in all white men to you; that you have ever been barbarians of the most abject kind at home; that, though multitudinous as the insects in the air, you are as powerless as they; and, though occupying one-fifth of the dry land of the globe from the Creation, you have never progressed out of barbarism, as all other nations and peoples have; that you have no written language, no laws, no buildings, or works of mechanical art, nor cities, nor towns; that you have no constructive power whatever, have made no sacrifices, performed no glorious deeds, no hero ever led you to battle, nor bard sang your deeds; that you have no annals, nor traditions, nor legends: that such as your race has ever been in Africa, such it ever will be there, and such it will be here, whenever you are left to your own volition. Ethnologists scientifically demonstrate by the thickness of your cranium, your facial angle, cartilaginous and osseous systems that you are very inferior; and orthodox divines, from Professors Nehemiah Adams and Nott, and Bishop Hopkins, down to Deacon Pogram and Elder Gavit, of the X Roads have proved by the Bible that you are descended from Ham, and are therefore accursed; and, finally that you have ever patiently submitted to oppression and even kissed the rod that chastened you. It is your fight to counteract all this. We have it constantly cast in our teeth, and we are asked—Would you confer suffrage on a race so low, grovelling, tame and powerless, so imbruted with suffering and ignorance, and pretend to make independent and intelligent voters of them? We meet the issue, and answer Yes. Be it just as you say in regard to them. We believe in their capacity for virtue. We still answer YES! The negro is man—you admit that—and granting that fact you grant everything. We have faith in man, be he black or white, yellow or red—Caucasian, Ethiopian, Indian, Malay or Mongolian—we have faith in his almost divine capacity for progress and elevation.

Students of the Lincoln University! The thoughts I have thrown out are such as have often occurred to me in my most secret communing with myself. I believe them all. They point to your highest duties and involve the greatest responsibilities. If I have any one desire stronger than another, it is that you may prove incontestably, by your learning, your adaptation to the vocations of life, and by your humanities, that you are children of our Father, and that your ultimate destiny may be made as high as that of the most favored of the world. Let me beseech you never to forget what you *have* been and what you *may* be, for in this way you will be constantly schooling yourselves in branches not taught by men, and you will be possessed of an ethics which will secure to you an awaiting reward in time and in eternity.

My friends, you see how exacting we are going to be with you. We will insist upon the highest tests known to us. Should a negro offer to speak, he must be an orator of the first class—but on that score you, I well know, have no fear—for you have the natural apitude or gift of oratory, and your own Douglass, Garnett and others have hewn the path in that direction. As sailors, as soldiers and as agriculturists, you need not fear comparison—and here I must stop. All the rest is *terra incognita*, and you are to be the guides to lead your people there.

What have you not to do to bring them up to an average level? All of science is to be mastered by some of you. Every branch and department of mechanics is to be acquired and retained and transmitted by masses of your race; and so with skilled agriculture—specialties in theology, law, medicine, politics, and the fine arts, must have proper devotion paid to them. And while your race are following these intellectual pursuits, forget not to cultivate the affections as well as the mind. Believe me, the heart is as magnetic and moving as the brain, and its cultivation is by no means the least duty man owes to his race.

PREMIUMS.

PHOTOGRAPH OF JOHN G. WHITTIER.

We have completed arrangements which enable us to offer, as an additional premium for new subscribers, a life-like, handsomely finished, medium sized photograph of JOHN G. WHITTIER. It is of the same size, and in the same finished style, as that of Mr. Phillips, and by the same artist, Mr. Augustus Marshall, 145 Tremont street, Boston. As a photographer, Mr. Marshall is equalled by few, and surpassed by none in Boston, or elsewhere. Each photograph will be accompanied by Mr. Whittier's autograph. We doubt not that many of our readers, by whom everything from Mr. Whittier's pen is fondly treasured, will be glad to avail themselves of this favorable opportunity to obtain a recent and truthful likeness of him. It is the best we have ever seen of him, and will, we have no doubt, give excellent satisfaction to his numerous friends.

To any one who will remit to us for two new subscribers, one year, ($6), or to any old subscriber, remitting also for one new subscriber ($6), we will send post paid a copy of the excellent photograph of Mr. Whittier.

To any one remitting for three new subscribers, ($9), or renewing, and remitting for two new subscribers ($9), we will send one copy of the photograph of John G. Whittier, and one of Wendell Phillips.

SPECIAL PREMIUM—PHOTOGRAPH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

We have arranged to offer as a premium for subscribers for THE STANDARD a life-like, beautifully finished, medium-sized photograph of WENDELL PHILLIPS, made for us by a distinguished Boston artist. We have had many calls for photographs of Mr. Phillips, suitable for framing, which we have hitherto been unable to supply. We have at last a likeness of him which we pronounce eminently satisfactory, and which we think will prove to be so to his many friends by whom it will be desired. Each photograph will have also Mr. Phillips' autograph. To all our subscribers who renew their own subscriptions and remit for one new subscriber ($6); or to any one who sends us the names of two new subscribers for one year ($6), we will forward, post paid, a copy of Mr. Phillips' photograph, the retail price of which is $2.50.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1869.

PRESIDENT GRANT.

WE have felt and said that the course of Gen. Grant was open to grave criticism. But we have always judged him by his actions; always allowing that he meant all he said, and would do all he promised.

We propose the same rule in time to come. We shall take his words for earnestly meant; and we shall wait for action before we criticise him in his new office.

Thus far we have only thanks to give him. For three things in his Inaugural we desire to give him credit. With full heart, and most earnestly, we thank him for his frank, prompt and hearty indorsement of the Constitutional Amendment. The words in which he refers to it show that his heart is in the right place, and that he cordially accepts the lesson of the war. If Emancipation made LINCOLN the Slave's President, these precious and statesmanlike words make GRANT the Negro's President.

We hail with similar feeling his assertion that his policy looks to the "*citizenship*" of the Indian. Let him cover the Indian with this shield and give him, for the present at least, a Department in the Cabinet which shall watch his rights and President GRANT will have met these two great problems of race with a brave and wise, as well as just, statesmanship.

The third pledge of his Inaugural we hail is that which promises a vigorous and rigorous execution of law. We trust that here his words mean literally all they say; and only wish they had been more decisive and unequivocal. Our complaint of GRANT hitherto has been that he held power without using it; that he has sat and seen Union men murdered unavenged. Some of his friends excused him on the ground that President Johnson crippled the General. At last the Ku-Klux have left the White House. Those midnight cowards need only half-a-dozen summary executions in as many States to disappear forever. If we were in the Senate we would confirm no man for any office from any Southern State, Kentucky included, (not even HOLT) till life was as safe there as in Vermont. Shoot and hang first; nominate and confirm afterward.

We say amen, most heartily, to all the Inaugural contains about public credit and payment in gold. But there is a debt just as sacred as the bonds, the debt we owe to the Southern loyalist, black and white. This debt is their immediate and perfect protection. If either debt is entitled to precedence this comes first in obligation and importance. This is to be paid in blood long before the other is paid in coin. The bondholder only gains by waiting. For these other creditors every hour of danger and agony cut short is an indescribable gain. The Government's faith with the bondholder has never been broken. Toward this other creditor the Government has been perjured and faithless for four bitter years. We beseech GRANT to send men South whose very names shall mean vengeance, deep, terrible and most effective vengeance. Put aside sham Governors and paltering officials, and give us the "peace" which is sure to follow the drawn sword in the hands of a prompt honest man.

The bondholder paid will give us credit to borrow in case of another rebellion. *This debt* promptly paid will render another rebellion impossible. It will flood the South with capital and brains, the two enemies against which she rebelled, and which her madness and Johnson's have been striving to get along without.

Congress cannot reconstruct the South—*law can.* Safety for men and money will. Such a man as Butler in New Orleans is worth now more than a mule load of laws. Hang twenty assassins in every Southern Capitol, six hours after they are arrested, and you will empty half the bank vaults of Christendom into the South, you will light up all its forges and crowd its exchanges with business men. This is the way, Soldier of the Wilderness, to "HAMMER" the rebellion to pieces. Make your vengeance so swift, sure and terrible that the mere name of a "Union man" may be as ample protection even on the Del Norte, as that of a "Roman citizen" was to St. Paul at Jerusalem.

The Cabinet gives no indication of the President's plans. It rather shows that he has none, for it means nothing. Massachusetts furnishes all the first-rate brains it contains.

Thomas Campbell made a selection from the English Poets on the plan of excluding every piece any other previous compiler had taken. Of course, they, the first comers, had taken the best, and accordingly all Campbell's pieces are second rate. GRANT's Cabinet follows this copy. He excludes every one that any body ever thought of. Of course he takes the leavings.

But this only means that the people are, as hitherto, to do the work.

Press the Constitutional Amendment. Push the Executive for a strong arm of resolute law throughout the South. If the South loves blood, let her sup full of it, only let it be the blood of assassins. Sheath no sword until honest Union men, black and white, native and foreign, alone and in companies, on lonely prairies and in city streets, sit, each under his own vine and fig tree—the Stars and Stripes—with none to molest or make them afraid.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

HON. GEO. W. JULIAN vs LAND MONOPOLY.

I HAVE seldom felt deeper regret than I did when a rumor went abroad that the Hon. Geo. W. Julian was not re-elected to Congress, and I was thankful to a corresponding degree when the rumor proved unfounded. Mr. Julian is one of those rare public men who combine great good sense with inflexible principles, and consequent clearness of moral perception. Few men are so thoroughly imbued with the genius of Republican government. The best good of the *whole* is always his aim, without regard to artificial distinctions of any kind. This genuine faith in Republican principles has made him a steadfast and fearless champion of emancipation and impartial suffrage, and it now leads him to utter, and repeat, earnest warnings against the grants of public lands, in immense tracts, to railroad and other corporations; a system which he proves to be a reckless waste of our national resources, and dangerously antagonistic to the principles of our government; bestowing the soil, as it does upon a monopolizing few, and thus barring out the laboring many. His array of statistics on this subject are really startling.

In a very able Speech, on the 5th of February he says: "The grants made by Congress to railroads, and other works of internal improvement, will foot up not far from two hundred million acres. This immense domain has passed into the hands of corporations, and, under the terms on which it was granted, they hold it as a complete monopoly. They may sell it to actual settlers in moderate homesteads, or they may sell it to a single monopolist. They may sell it for a reasonable price; or fix upon it just such a price as they please.

They may sell it to-morrow, or hold it forty years for a rise in price through the enhanced value to be added to it by adjacent settlements. The Northern Pacific Railway alone has a grant about equal in extent to the five States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire; while the total grants made to all our various works of internal improvements are nearly equal to the entire area of the thirteen original Colonies of the United States. Have we, as representatives of the people, the *right* to commit to the tender mercies of monopolists territory enough for a score of principalities and kingdoms? When the nation is groaning under an immense debt, can we *afford* to slam the door in the faces of foreign immigrants, and of our own people, who are seeking homes on our vacant lands, and anxious to coin their labor into national wealth? These are practical and vital questions, and every day gives to them an added interest. The system, originally vicious, has for years past been constantly growing worse, through the addition to it of new features, and the steadily increasing size of the grants. Railway extension has become a passion with our men of capital and enterprise, and the demand for land-grants now meets us from every quarter, and at every turn, and is pressed with unparalleled zeal. There are now pending in this Congress at least fifty bills asking grants of land for railroads, wagon-roads, etc., and covering an area of more than two hundred millions of acres. The Southern States, so long excluded from any share in these grants, are doing their utmost to make up for lost time. Scores of new bills are sometimes presented and referred in a single day. Judging from the signs of the times, the contagion which has seized Congress, and which threatens the country with general disaster, has only begun."

Mr. Julian argues, ably and earnestly, that the only solid ground on which to walk out of our national indebtedness is *reduction of expenditure* and *increase of production*, every acre of wild land that is brought under immediate cultivation helps to pay the national debt; and consequenly every acre kept in an unproductive state, in order that monopolists may amass over-grown fortunes, is a wrong done to the people. It is to be hoped that these warnings from such a true friend of his country will receive the attention their importance demands.

The statements commend themselves to every person of common sense; for it requires very little knowledge of Political Economy to be aware that a nation's wealth increases in proportion to the productiveness of its soil; and that productiveness is immeasurably increased by the division of land into small farms, to be cultivated by the men who own them. History shows how miserably England was cultivated when her kings granted whole Counties to their barons, and the masses of the people were thus deprived of all hope of becoming proprietors of the soil. The evil has been transmitted by inheritance, and its moral effect has been to stamp one class of the people with offensive arrogance, and the other with degrading servility. But on the score of revenue alone, such an arrangement is a misfortune. England would at this time be a much richer and much stronger nation, if the large entailed estates of unproductive Dukes could be cut up into small farms and sold to the laboring poor. In fact, no country can attain to its full development until every man can obtain lawful possession of as much land as he can cultivate; and upon such terms as every industrious man can meet before he has passed the prime of his strength. The resources that would result from such a state of things are altogether incalculable. Wealth enough to pay our national debt a thousand times over is in the fertile lands and rich mines of the West, waiting for the digging; and myriads of the world's poor are longing for a chance to dig it for us.

But the financial evils arising from a monopoly of land are not its most dangerous results. *The system is directly antagonistic to republican principles, and in its operation must prove subversive of a republican form of government.* We have had one terrible experience of what it costs to graft an aristocratic institution upon our republican system. Let us guard ourselves in season against the introduction of another destructive antagonism! One of the worst features of slavery was the monopoly of the soil by a few, who were thus rendered lazy and despotic. If Congress had done its duty, the large plantations, including tens of thousands of acres, would have been sold in small lots, on moderate terms, to the poor laborers who had, for so many years, tilled them without wages. This would have stimulated the industry of the freedmen, and inspired them with a feeling of manliness most salutary in its effect on their morals; while it would, at the same time, have proved a very considerable help toward the payment of the national debt. But Congress let the golden opportunity pass unused; and consequently the United States Government, instead of receiving revenue, has been obliged to buy great quantities of food to keep both the emancipated bondmen and their rebel masters from starvation. It was a just retribution, but how much longer are we going to need the severe lessons of retribution?

L. MARIA CHILD.

THE DISABILITIES OF COLORED PEOPLE.

UP to this time our thought and effort have mainly been directed to the overthrow of Slavery, and to the enfranchisement of the colored people. Now that the traffic in human beings, and their complete servitude to other human beings is abolished, and their enfranchisement is promised, we turn with deep feeling to another aspect of the cause. We hope the root of all the wrongs of the colored race has been killed, but the shadow of its upper growth still remains to oppress them and check their healthful development. Whom we benefit, we love; whom we wrong, we come to hate. So the colored people walk to-day in the shadow of white men's hatred. They are assigned to the second, third, fourth, or lowest place in every social relation, they are placed in separate schools, with few exceptions, they are seated in separate pews in our churches; they are sent to the lofts of our theatres; our best hotels and restaurants as a class they cannot enter at all.

It is said, "Let them prove themselves worthy of respect, and they will receive it." But at present this is not true. For the wealthy, refined and educated among them, are ostracised scarcely less in *polite* society than the humblest. These go abroad, and travel in first-class cars, and are received at first-class hotels, and move in high social circles; they come back to our slavery-corrupted country, to be treated as menials, as outcasts, as law-breakers. Only by trying to place ourselves in their circumstances, can we approach to a realization of their bitter experiences. Said one proud-spirited colored man, "It is like having small-pox all the time." Said another, a high-toned gentleman by birth and education, "I almost regret that I have been educated." Words are poor to describe the bitterness of this constant reproach and neglect and wrong. And all for what? Not for crime, not for native unworthiness, not for causes under their own control; but sometimes for habits of idleness that slavery has fostered, or free society has encouraged; sometimes for ignorance that it has been unlawful to instruct; always because God made them of darker complexion than ourselves.

How strangely unreasoning is this prejudice. And it is not a thing to be put away by legislation. We believe that the ballot in the hands of the negro will command the power to protect his actual rights, and so take away many disabilities that have kept him from rising, but this will not secure him full justice before the law of God. The law of the land will secure him representation for his taxation; the law of God demands that "whatever we would have him do to us, that shall we do to him." And who are the professed expounders of this all-comprehensive law of God! With them lies the opportunity, might we not say the blessed privilege of bringing the strongest human power to bear against the prejudice of race. They are the appointed teachers of the people, the professed guides to the higher religious life, which should have expression in a higher civilization. If every pulpit in our country were faithful to the cause of the weak against the strong, how soon we should have all men strong.

When the *Church* recognizes not the race but the humanity of men, then will the schools open their doors wide to colored students, the theatres will know no distinction of place for colored people who seek amusement; our best hotels will not answer "impossible" to the colored traveller who asks entertainment. For students and pleasure-seekers and travellers will cease to think of their fellows' complexion if in their Church they have really learned that of one blood God made all the nations of the earth, if in their Church they have really held communion with the all-loving and all-pitying Father.

A beautiful, true-hearted girl knelt at the communion table of the Episcopal Church, side by side with a devout colored woman. She said, "It seemed strange to me but I have felt better ever since." She did not analyze her feelings, but the one to whom she spoke knew that she had come nearer to the Father because she had in her heart acknowledged the sisterhood of His humble, despised child.

Would that our pulpits might recognize their wonderful opportunity, and speak faithfully for those whose wrongs must still—

> "Bring Angels tears in pity down."

ELIZABETH M. POWELL.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

MR. POMEROY, in the Senate, March 8th, asked, and by unanimous consent obtained, leave to bring in the following bill; which was read twice, referred to the Committee on the District of Columbia, and ordered to be printed.

A Bill for the further security of equal rights in the District of Columbia.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the word "male," wherever it occurs in the laws relating to the District of Columbia, or in the charter or ordinances of the cities of Washington or Georgetown, and operates as a limitation on the right of any citizen of the United States and of such District, or of either of the cities, to vote or to hold any office, be, and the same is hereby, repealed, and it shall be unlawful for any person or officer to enforce or attempt to enforce such limitation after the passage of this act.

We are very glad Senator Pomeroy has promptly introduced the above bill, and we urge other Senators to give it their votes. We trust it will speedily become a law.

We hope also that an additional Constitutional Amendment abolishing and prohibiting all political distinctions on account of sex, the measure of primary importance, and of national scope and significance, may receive early attention. To address the State Legislatures is well on the part of the friends of woman suffrage, as a method of agitation to educate public opinion. Hereafter however all-important modifications of suffrage are likely to be by national, rather than separate State action, and this is as it should be. States acting in concert will ratify an amendment for an extension of suffrage, to affect all States alike, which, as a State question simply, they are disinclined to favor. This is illustrated by the prompt, and

gratifying action of Kansas, Missouri and other States in ratifying the Fifteenth Amendment. The field is clear in the Forty-first Congress for an additional amendment abolishing all political distinctions on account of sex. Let the favorable opportunity be fully improved by all friends of woman suffrage.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The Rebels of the Indiana Legislature have resigned in the hope of preventing the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment by leaving the Legislature without a quorum. This is in keeping with *The World's* opposition to that measure. We see it stated that the Rebel "Democrats" of the Legislature at Albany are considering the propriety of ollowing in the lead of their Indiana brethren. This latest "Democratic" opposition to the enfranhisement of colored men is characteristic of the party which has stolen and misappropriated a good name. We trust it will not avail however to defeat the Amendment.

President Grant's cabinet as announced, and at once confirmed by the Senate, is as follows:

For Secretary of State—E. B. Washburne, of Illinois; for Secretary of the Treasury—A. T. Stewart, of New York; for Secretary of War—none named; for Secretary of the Navy—Adolph E. Borie, of Pennsylvania; for Secretary of the Interior—J. D. Cox, of Ohio; for Postmaster General—A. J. Cresswell, of Maryland; for Attorney General—E. R. Hoar, of Massachusetts.

Mr. Stewart finds himself to be ineligible as an importer; Mr. Washburne's nomination is supposed to be rather as a compliment than for actual service. Gov. Boutwell it is supposed, and we hope correctly, will be appointed in place of Mr. Stewart.

The Hon. and Rev. James M. Simms of Savannah, Ga., one of the expelled members of the Georgia Legislature, now in Washington, will give an address in this city under the auspices of the American Anti-Slavery Society, at the Cooper Institute, Room 24, on Friday evening, March 19th, upon "Affairs in Georgia and the condition and needs of the colored people."

In connection with Mr. William P. Powell of this city, Mr. Simms will proceed to Connecticut to address a series of meetings in that State prior to the Connecticut election. He is expected to preach in New Haven on Sunday, the 20th inst., and to address a public meeting in that city on Monday Evening, the 21st inst.

Mr. Sumner in the Senate, March 6th, asked, and by unanimous consent obtained, leave to bring in the following bill; which was read twice and ordered to be printed.

A bill for the further security of equal rights in the District of Columbia.

"*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled*, That the word "white," wherever it occurs in the laws relating to the District of Columbia, or in the charter or ordinances of the cities of Washington or Georgetown, and operates as a limitation on the right of any elector of such District, or of either of the cities, to hold any office, or to be selected and to serve as a juror, be, and the same is hereby, repealed, and it shall be unlawful for any person or officer to enforce or attempt to enforce such limitation after the passage of this act."

This bill passed the Senate, on the 8th of March. It has been twice killed by Mr. Johnson's pocket veto, but will this time doubtless become a law. It will add one more to the long list of beneficent measures designed to overcome the hateful caste spirit, which Mr. Sumner has been instrumental in having enacted into laws.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, we notice, gave a reading from her own writings to a large and very appreciative audience in the Unitarian Church at Washington recently. Her "Battle Hymn of the Republic," originally written in Washington, as read by herself, was received with great favor.

The following appeared in a late number of *The Washington Star:*

"Recently a communication appeared in *The Star* claiming for Mrs. M. A. Quantrill that she is entitled to the honors given to Barbara Fritchie (immortalized in Whittier's stirring verse) for displaying the Stars and Stripes, while the Rebel troops were passing through Frederick. We have now from Mr. Whittier the following letter, in which he holds to his faith in Barbara, and gives good reason for so doing. As there is no doubt, from the testimony of at least four witnesses, that Mrs. Quantrill's claim is well founded, there seems to be considerable mystification in the matter. Probably the true solution is that both these brave Union women displayed their patriotism and their courage in the same way on the same occasion:

"'*To the Editor of The Star:*

"'I have received a copy of thy paper, containing a letter from a lady who claims to have been the heroine of the flag at Frederick. I have never heard of her before, and, of course, know nothing of her veracity or loyalty. I must say, however, in justice to myself, that I have full confidence in the truth of the original statement furnished me by a distinguished literary lady of Washington as repects Barbara Fritchie—a statement soon after confirmed by Dorothea Dix, who visited Frederick, and made herself acquainted with many interesting particulars of the life and character of that remarkable woman. Very truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

AMESBURY, 19th 2d mo., 1869.

Stephen F. Foster, who is a thoroughly radical, and therefore, very successful fruit grower and farmer, as well as an Abolitionist and a Woman's Rights man, we are glad to notice, was awarded by the Worcester County Horticultural Society at its late exhibition, the first premium, a silver ice pitcher, for the best collection of apples; and for the best collection of pears, the first premium, a silver cake basket. He was also awarded special premiums for two superior varieties of squashes. He has for several years taken a high grade of premiums for fruit at the exhibitions of this Society. One as thorough as Mr. Foster has always been in his labors with priests, politicians and a conscienceless people in behalf of the cause of impartial freedom, could hardly fail, with the same efficient effort applied to the soil, to produce premium fruits.

After bringing his farm into a state of very high cultivation and stocking it with a large quantity of fruit trees, now in a profitable condition, and making the buildings and grounds very convenient and attractive, he has, we learn, recently put it into the market, because the care of it interferes too much with his other engagements. Located within the corporation limits of the city of Worcester, the centre of a peculiarly beautiful and picturesque New England landscape, a good strong soil, and in excellent condition, it is a rare opportunity for some one to become possessed of a most desirable, productive and delightful homestead.

The Springfield Republican says of Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, of Boston, a synopsis of whose discourse at Horticultural Hall, in the course of "Sunday afternoon meetings," we printed last week:—"She is the lady who, as Miss Ednah Littlehale, was constant in her presence at the conversations of Margaret Fuller and Bronson Alcott, twenty-five years ago, and has ever since stood among the advanced thinkers and earnest workers of Boston. She was a parishioner and friend of Theodore Parker, who greatly valued her, and the wife of Seth Cheney, the crayon artist, whose portraits confer distinction by their delicate beauty, and who had as true a love for art as ever inspired man. With her husband she studied art, and has written much on that subject; she went abroad with him in 1834, and became personally familiar with the studios of French painting, some of which she has described. Since his death in 1856, Mrs. Cheney has been greatly devoted to works of charity and education; is prominent in the New England Woman's Hospital, the Freedmen's Aid Society, the Infant Asylum, and the Women's Club; indeed, she was among the originators of the two last named. In aspect she is the antithesis of Mrs. Howe; her dark hair tinged with gray, dark eyes, noble head, and calm demeaner, give her the air of a Roman matron, in the best days of the republic. Her subject on Sunday will be, "Work and its Relations," which she will treat earnestly, judiciously, and with the tenderest respect for labor and the laborer."

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, March 8th, 1869.

MANY persons have inquired, for a long time past, what has become of the funds left in the hands of Special Trustees, for various reformatory purposes, by the will of the late Francis Jackson.

An answer to a part of this question was given very soon after the publication of the will, the Supreme Judicial Court having decided that $5.000, left to promote discussion and action in behalf of Women's Rights, was not "a legal charity," and could not be allowed by the Court to be used in that manner. Courts, it may be remarked, seem never to recognize the necessity, the advantage, nor even the existence of *reform*, seeming to take for granted that whatever now exists will and ought to remain, and that that which is not now will never be, and ought never to be; and any matters of testamentary disposition other than business, they group together under the name of "charity." Why Mr. Jackson's bequest to assist agitation in behalf of Women's Rights was denied, while his bequest in favor of agitation for the abolition of slavery was admitted, to be "a legal charity," was never understood by your correspondent; and he never saw any one who did understand it. Nevertheless, the Court so decided, and that part of the testator's intention was defeated.

The larger sum, ($9,200) left by Mr. Jackson for measures in aid of the abolition of slavery, failed of its intent in a very different manner, the Southern Rebellion having created a military necessity that the government itself should abolish slavery—as far as a proclamation would do it. The Special Trustees would then have proceeded to act in the premises according to that discretion and absolute control allowed them by the will, but the Court again unjustly interfered, and undertook for itself to decide what "legal charity" was nearest akin to that abolition of slavery which originally proposed by the testator, had been already accomplished by subsequent events. The Special Trustees were therefore required to present their case before a Master in Chancery, who would then present to the Court *his* opinion as to how the case should be decided; a third piece of injustice, puting into the hands of a mere legal functionary that *discretion* which the testator had committed to persons chosen by himself in view of their well-known ideas and characters.

These things being so, the New England Freedman's Union Commission seem to have discerned the chance for "a scramble," which might, perhaps, give them the possession of the $9,200 thus wrested from the hands to whose sole disposal and control the testator had committed it. They therefore, and counsel employed in their interest, appeared before the Master in Chancery, and unjustly took the liberty unjustly allowed by him, of attempting to divert this money from the control of the persons designated by the testator. After hearing all the parties who chose to participate in this scramble, the Master in Chancery reported to the Court that the money in question should be paid over to the New England Freedmen's Union Commission. The Court thereupon decreed this disposition of the $9,200, adding, however, that the payment of it was to be made "at such times and in such sums as they [the Special Trustees] *in their discretion may think fit.*"

The discretion of four of the seven Special Trustees did not approve of the payment of the whole of this fund in the direction assigned by the Court, they thinking that at least, part of that money should go, as the testator's gifts went during his lifetime, in aid of the establishment of such *rights* of the colored people as were yet insecure, being denied and resisted by the friends of slavery, and not yet supported by any actual exercise of national or State authority. The minority of three, therefore, *could* not decide the immediate payment of the whole sum to the Freedmen's Union Commission, as they wished to do, and *would* not consent to the payment of an instalment of $1,000, which members of the majority proposed to concede. Thus, the "discretion" expressly allowed by the Court practically prevented the payment of any part of the sum in question.

The relative position and action of the Special Trustees in this matter may perhaps be best understood by the official record of their last two meetings, taken by counsel in the case from their Secretary's book, and copied by me from the printed documents laid by counsel before the Court, as follows:

"Meeting of Trustees, held Friday, March 27, 1868.

Present—Wendell Phillips, Edmund Jackson, William Lloyd Garrison, Edmund Quincy, Samuel May, Jr., William I. Bowditch, Charles K. Whipple.

It was moved by Mr. Whipple, that five hundred dollars be paid to the Freedmen's Union Commission, as an instalment for the present year. Mr. Jackson seconded the motion.

Mr. Quincy wished to amend by moving that the whole sum of ninety-two hundred dollars be paid at once to the society named.

Mr. May seconded the amendment, and expressed, as did Mr. Garrison and Mr. Quincy, a belief that immediate payment of the whole was the preferable course.

Mr. Bowditch thought that the decision of this whole matter properly rested in the hands of the special trustees appointed by Francis Jackson; he saw no right in the Court to dictate to these trustees an employment of this money at variance with the well-known sentiments of the testator; and he would not vote any of it to the Freedmen's Commission, except on application from them, specifying the sum needed and the use to be made of it.

Mr. Phillips commented on the peculiar character of Francis Jackson's will, and agreed in Mr. Bowditch's judgment as to the disposition of this money.

The question being put on Mr. Quincy's amendment, it did not pass, the mover being supported only by Messrs. May and Garrison, and the others opposing.

A vote was then taken on the original motion, which did not pass, Messrs. May, Garrison and Quincy voting against it. So no action was taken. Adjourned.

C. K. WHIPPLE, *Secretary.*

Meeting, Tuesday, April 21st, 1868.

Present—Wendell Phillips, Edmund Jackson, Samuel May, Jr., William Lloyd Garrison, William I. Bowditch, Charles K. Whipple.

Mr. May presented a paper showing himself to be authorized to vote for Mr. Quincy, who had desired the meeting to be held notwithstanding his absence.

The Secretary read a communication forwarded to him by J. A. Lane, Recording Secretary of the New England Branch of the Freedmen's Union Commission, enclosing a formal demand by Hon. William Claflin, President of that Association, for the payment of the whole of that fund which was directed by the Supreme Judicial Court to be paid "at such times and in such sums" as the Special Trustees, in their discretion, may think fit.

It was moved by Edmund Jackson that one thousand dollars of that money be now paid. Mr. Whipple seconded the motion.

Mr. May wished to amend by moving the immediate payment of the whole fund. This motion was seconded by Mr. Garrison.

Mr. Bowditch wished that the special trustees should ask the court for a modification of its order, allowing a division of the sum in question between different objects, in proportion to the different opinions of the men in whose hands it had been left by the testator.

Mr. Garrison controverted this proposal, and thought immediate payment of the whole sum the only right course.

The question being taken on Mr. May's amendment, it was voted, four to three, not to pay the whole sum now. Affirmative votes given by Messrs. May, Quincy, and Garrison.

Mr. Garrison offered an amendment proposing to pay half the sum now, and half next year. The vote upon this was a tie, three to three, Messrs. May, Quincy, and Garrison only voting for it.

The question being taken upon Mr. Jackson's motion, (the payment of $1,000) this also proved a tie vote, three to three, Messrs. May, Quincy and Garrison voting in the negative.

Mr. Bowditch then moved that we instruct Mr. Sewall to say to the court that such difference of opinion exists among the trustees, that four of the seven cannot consent to vote the whole of this fund to the Freedmen's Commission; and that, in view of this fact, we ask the court to reconsider its action, and refer to Edmund Jackson (brother of the testator, and named by him trustee and executor), the question what proportion of this fund should be paid to the Freedmen's Commission, and what to the American Anti-Slavery Society. Mr. Whipple seconded this motion.

A debate followed on the merits of this proposal, in which all the trustees took part. The question being then taken, the vote was a tie, Messrs. Bowditch, Phillips and Whipple being for it, Messrs. May, Quincy and Garrison against it. So no action was taken. Adjourned.

C. K. WHIPPLE, *Secretary.*

Things having continued in the same position from the date of the last meeting above reported until the present time, the Court again took up the case, called the Special Trustees before them, and after hearing both sides, once more failed to make the just decision that the sum in question be divided proportionally according to the differing opinions of the persons appointed by the testator to direct its use, and decreed instead the removal of those four of the Trustees (Wendell Phillips, Edmund Jackson, William I. Bowditch, and Charles K. Whipple) who held their duty to the testator to be incompatible with acquiescence in the Court's disposition of the fund. The minority of the Special Trustees are now directed to nominate successors to the removed majority, and after these nominations shall have been ratified by the Court, the money will probably be paid over at once to the New England Branch of the Freedmen's Union Commission.

I enclose the *Advertiser's* report of the decree above referred to, which you can print, if you please, as a matter of interest to all abolitionists. It is noticeable that among the Trustees thus removed are the brother of the testator, his executor, Edmund Jackson, who may he supposed well acquainted with his plans and wishes, and the persons appointed by the testator as President, Treasurer and Secretary of the Board.

NORTH.

SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT FOR THE COMMONWEALTH—March 6.

CHAPMAN, C. J. HOAR, GRAY, WELLS, AND AMES, JJ.

Attorney-General v. William Lloyd Garrison and Others.—In this petition for the enforcement of a decree of the Supreme Court to pay over the trust fund in the hands of the respondents to the Freedmen's Union Commission, the Supreme Court have passed a new order and decree removing four of the trustees for a refusal to obey the previous order of the court. The decree is as follows:

Whereas heretofore, to wit, on the twenty-ninth day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty-seven, in a suit in equity pending in this court for said county, wherein Edmund Jackson, executor of the last will of Francis Jackson, was complainant, and Wendell Phillips and others were respondents, it was ordered and decreed that the sum of nine thousand two hundred and fifty-nine dollars and eighty cents, being the balance of a trust fund then in his hands and bequeathed to the trustees therein named, viz., William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Edmund Quincy, Edmund Jackson William I. Bowditch, Samuel May, jr., and Charles K. Whipple, trustees under said will, be paid over by said executor to said trustees, to be paid by the said trustees at such times and in such sums as they in their discretion should think fit to the treasurer of the New England Branch of the American Freedmen's Union Commission, to be by said Union Commission expended in promoting the education, support and interests generally of the freedmen (late slaves) in the States of the Union in which slavery has been abolished, either by the proclamation of the late President Lincoln or the amendment of the Constitution;

And whereas, it has been made to appear that said sum has long since been received by said trustees from said executor and still remains in their hands, and no part of it has been paid to said treasurer; and whereas, it appears that four of the said trustees, namely, the said Wendell Phillips, Edmund Jackson, William I. Bowditch and Charles K. Whipple, have not been and are not willing to pay over to said treasurer the said sum to be used for the purposes set forth in said decree, but require that a large part of it, to wit, all except five thousand dollars, should be appropriated to efforts to secure the ballot to the negro, which is not one of the purposes set forth in said decree and which could not be the subject of a charitable trust, being merely of a political character; and whereas, they prefer to be removed from their office as trustees rather than execute the trust according to the terms and effect of the decree;

It is therefore ordered and decreed, that they, the said Wendell Phillips, Edmund Jackson, William I. Bowditch and Charles K. Whipple, be, and they hereby are removed from their said office; and that other trustees be appointed in their stead; and whereas, it appears that the said William Lloyd Garrison, Edmund Quincy and Samuel May, jr., are willing to execute said trust according to the terms of said decree, and that there is no occasion for their removal, they are hereby directed to nominate four persons as trustees in place of the trustees who are hereby removed, and two other persons as trustees in place of the two trustees named in the said will who declined to accept the trust, and make report of their said nomination to the court as soon as may be, and that all other matters be reserved for the further direction of the court.—*Boston Advertiser.*

PREJUDICE AGAINST COLOR.

We extract the following from a recent article which appeared in *The New York Times* concerning the colored people of New York:

THE PREJUDICE AGAINST THEM.

THROUGHOUT the whole of the exploration which I recently made, accompanied by an experienced officer of the Police force, through the quarters of this city occupied by colored people, I met, in every direction, the most startling evidences of the powerful effects of prejudice. Of all the difficulties with which they have to contend, that of prejudice against them for their color's sake throws all others into the shade, and would seem under present circumstances to be almost insuperable. This is a feeling which is bitterly and intensely fostered by the Irish element, and quietly acquiesced in by a very large portion of native-born citizens. If a colored man applies for work at a new job, he always has to wait till the contractor sees whether he can get enough white laborers for his purpose before he is taken on, and it more often happens that he is at once refused employment, simply on the ground of his color, although the contractor who refuses to employ him, may be at the very moment short of his requisite number of hands; and, when he does succeed in getting work, he has to accept lower wages, and is always expected to work harder than a white man, while his fellow workmen "put upon" him whenever they get the opportunity, and ceaselessly jeer at him and make him the butt of their jokes. To my inquiries, "Why do you not break up this wretched colony and move into more comfortable quarters," one invariable answer was returned: "We find it so difficult to persuade any one to rent us a decent place on account of our color. Hundreds of us would gladly pay twice the rent to live in some more respectable neighborhood; but the landlords will not accept us as tenants on any terms, declaring that, should they let a couple of rooms to a colored man, all their white lodgers would immediately give them notice to leave." It has happened on many occasions that men, who have succeeded in obtaining work at a long distance from their homes in the negro quarters, and who were naturally anxious to remove themselves and their families to the immediate neighborhood of their work, have actually offered to different landlords much more rent than they could possibly hope to get from white men, and have been curtly told: "I never let my rooms to a nigger." The consequence is that the poor fellow often has to walk three miles to and from his work; and three miles is a long distance after a hard day's labor. Again, many members of the Trades Unions refuse to work on a building job if colored men be employed; and the Irish, especially, have often made combinations to compel the masters to discharge them. Neither will they work for masters who take colored apprentices. I was informed by highly respectable persons, who were by no means desirous of glossing over the faults of their people, that they did not know a single workshop in this city where a colored man could get employment as an artisan, however respectable or however clever at his trade he might be, or where a colored lad would be taken as an apprentice.

But this prejudice against the African people, on account of their color, is by no means confined to the laboring classes. Respectable hotels almost invariably refuse to admit colored people within their doors. The proprietors of ice-cream, oyster and dining saloons, and the keepers of liquor stores, even of a second or third rate class, refuse to furnish them with refreshments. Rev. William F. Butler, pastor of Zion Church, a man of gentlemanly manners and appearance, and of some considerable education, assured me that one day last Summer he entered, in company with Mrs. Butler, an ice-cream saloon, by no means a fashionable one, and requested to be supplied with refreshment; in answer to which request he was informed that they were not in the habit of accommodating colored people and must refuse to serve him. On another occasion, not long ago, Mr. Butler walked into a dining saloon on Sixth avenue, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The place was empty, and he was readily served with dinner, which he partook of, paid for, and departed without a single remark being made by the proprietor. A day or two afterward he repaired to the same saloon, but on this occasion at midday. The dining-room was nearly full of white people. The proprietor immediately walked across the saloon to him, and informed him that he could not dine there at that hour, but if he choose to come later in the afternoon, after all their white customers had left, he would then allow him to be served with dinner, but not before.

Again, some of the theatres refused to admit colored persons at all, while those who do condescend to do so only allow them to sit in one part of the house—the tier of seats immediately beneath the roof. But perhaps one of the most astonishing instances of this prejudice occurred last Summer; and that in a quarter from whence it might have been least anticipated. The Christian Convention of ministers of all denominations, which was then assembled in this city, thought proper to set the bad example of Christian charity and brotherly love to all the world of not inviting their colored brother ministers to attend their sittings.

The only class in this city who appear to be really uninfluenced by this intolerant spirit of prejudice against the color of the negro are the Germans. They seem, as a general thing, to have no objection to let lodgings to them; they willingly employ them and pay them fair wages—quite as much as they would pay a white man of equal skill and powers of work. Moreover, when they do employ a colored man, they treat him properly, and not simply as *the nigger*.

After making a searching and patient inquiry into the condition, ways and habits of the colored population of New York, I can come to but one conclusion—that, in spite of all their efforts to the contrary, they are kept back by circumstances over which they themselves have no control; that if they could get rid of this inveterate and all-powerful hostility of the Irish to them, on account of their color, they would soon make rapid progress, but that till that desirable consummation is brought about, they will go on much in the same way as they have done for years past. There are many among them, very intelligent and well-educated men, who are exceedingly anxious to improve the position of their race; but they feel that till this prejudice against color is removed, it is next to impossible to them to achieve any substantial results, and that their efforts are all being wasted. The consequences of this prejudice are daily more and more demoralizing certain classes of them; and many are undoubtedly led into commission of larceny, and so on to greater crimes, from the evil effect of its influences. * * * * * * * *

Another great disadvantage under which many of them labor, arises from the fact that this species of ostracism from respectable neighborhoods compels numbers of them to reside in the Eighth Ward. In that district they are all packed like sardines in a box, in rickety old houses, whose walls, floors and staircases are begrimed with dirt, and where a decent mode of living is almost impossible; some of the houses being actually unprovided with water-closets of any description. It is hardly to be expected where the common decencies of life cannot be observed, that demoralization and degradation can be avoided. Many of the people are so poor that they are compelled to resort to the pawnshops in the winter time in order to provide food and fuel for their families; and thus, from want of work, their furniture and clothing go, bit by bit, till there is nothing left for them but the workhouse or a prison. However, this is not the case with all of them, and it is wonderful to see how clean and comfortable many of these poor people will make even the miserable rooms in which they live look. But in these instances I generally found that the man or his wife had employment of some kind or another. It is another example of the old saying, that "misery makes men callous."

GIRLS' HOME MISSION INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL PHILADELPHIA.

WHEN we consider the vast number of charitable institutions in our midst they seem almost unlimited. From the House of Refuge to the Home for Aged and Infirm Colored Persons, all classes and conditions of people, it would seem, are cared for as well by the gratuitous offerings of the moderately circumstanced as by the wealthy. We think of one class, however, apparently overlooked, or seemed so hopeless in its low social condition as to have elicited but little sympathy from those who might have proved of vast benefit to it. From day to day may be seen in Lombard, St. Mary, Bedford, and numerous small streets, colored girls of all ages and sizes, seemingly homeless, motherless, fatherless, friendless, idling away their time. Kind friends have ministered to the spiritual and physical wants of the people (as a whole) whom these girls represent. Indeed, the zeal of the workers in both the Sabbath-schools held in the church on St. Mary street—the one for adults, the other for adults and children—has been, from all accounts, untiring. The latter school particularly gathers in (perhaps entirely) the portion to whom we would call your attention, the good fruits of which will ever remain to some extent, as the result of the seed sown therein. Very many of these girls attend the Sabbath school and the weekly meeting, but something other than these indispensable aids seems necessary to rescue them from the ruin to which they are daily hastening. With no occupation, perhaps no desire for any—indeed, many of them no doubt feel themselves so spurned that they despair of being able to find employment at the hands of worthy employers—what else (then) can we expect? Will civilized people go in and out their doors and use no effort to save such from this worse than barbarous condition?

Answer is given in part in the fact that a school bearing the above title has been opened in the midst of this vice. In the basement of St. Mary street Church, on Friday afternoons, have assembled as many as fifty of these girls to be taught how to sew, and eventually become honest, upright, industrious women. Of a people who have lived so long in the condition here represented, as have the parents of these girls, we can expect but little. They have learned to be dependent, making no effort themselves but barely to keep soul and body together. Their lethargy is fearful, and as objects of mingled pity and disgust, they crowd our pathway. With their children it is different; we *can* train them up to a very great extent to feel that for them a higher civilization is in store. For no one will attempt to deny that the poor of a community exert a vast amount of influence. In the first place, they must occupy space; however uninviting it is—space which might be used more advantageously; to say nothing of the corruption and disease propagated pemitting such a state of things to exist.

Whilst indolence prevails, this class cannot take its proper share of responsibility in paying the taxes which are essential to just citizenship. On the other hand, large amounts of money are extorted from them, which in time is a much larger sum than they in all justice would be called on to bestow, for the purpose of helping to maintain a community of which they form no unimportant portion. Whose fault is it, do you ask? Whose fault is it that hundreds and hundreds who have had *luxuries* in their early days, spend their after years in debauchery and ignominy? The causes are numerous and too well known. The proper question seems to be: What better plan can we take to relieve the fallen in our midst than has already been taken, remembering that, upon this people especially has fallen, it would seem a curse far worse than death itself? For not only do they bear the burden which the slow forgiveness of the human heart entails; their skins are black. Mediocrity has not even been preferred by them to the privileges (?) of ignoble living.

All we ask, then, of a charitable but ofttimes deluded public, is that *justice shall* be dispensed; for then only, shall this hitherto poverty-stricken indolent loving people be thus no longer, and the community rest more secure. Only will they made attempts to rise as the manifold hindrances to their elevation are removed; and these can be removed only as Christian people go in and among them, and instil into their hearts and minds the great necessity of their being other than the people they are. Kind words and encouragement, now and then, work wonders among the more highly-favored. What, then, must they be expected to accomplish among a people who perhaps feel almost irrecoverably sunken; at least, that all hope of their being other than objects of pity is despaired of by those who could otherwise lend a helping hand? We call this a *girls'* industrial school, because of the fact that our city has within its limits two Young Men's Christian Associations.

What the white body (more able though it necessarily is) fails to do in prosecuting its mission (among the fallen and needy males), the weaker, but we trust no less determined, colored organization will effect. Only as we receive the support of those who desire to see God's poor cared for in the humblest way that lies in their power, can the few women, who have made thus far a feeble but encouraging effort, perform the mission which seems but inevitable that it should succeed and bring forth fruit in abundance. Come and see our school, help us to prepare these girls for homes in Christian families, and then help us to find families—for many such there are—who are in need of the efficient aid which many of them may be able to render.

C. V. STILL, Secretary.

Mrs. L. GOINES, President.
Mrs. RACHEL MOORE TOWNSEND, Vice-President.
Mrs. HELEN JOHNSON, Treasurer.

LITERARY.

Merry's Museum for March contains among other good things, a very interesting account of "A Visit to The Massachusetts School Ship" by Lousia M. Alcott. We quote a few passages:

"They were a hundred and fifty boys aboard, I believe; and I was sorry to find that most all of them were there for some offence or other—setting houses afire, stealing, unruly conduct, and all sorts of naughtiness. As they stood about the decks, the ship did not look a bit like a prison; but like what it really is—a school, where these boys are kindly taught, and helped to turn over a new leaf, and begin again." * * * * * * *

"One thing pleased me immensely, and that was the sight of several black boys among the white. That was as it should be; and that little church set a good example to many a splendid one, for in it there was no negro pew, but all were alike there, as they are in the eyes of the Father of all. The black sheep and the white were taken into the same fold; and the good work will prosper the better for the truly Christian spirit which makes room for all."

The publisher announces that he will send specimen numbers of this magazine, with premium list, *free*, to any one wishing to examine it. Address H. B. Fuller, 14 Broomfield street, Boston.

THE WREATH OF GEMS. A collection of the most popular Songs, Ballads and Duets with Accompaniments for the Piano-Forte. Price in Boards, $2.50; Cloth, $3.00; Cloth, full gilt $4.00. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington street.

This is a convenient form in which to secure many excellent songs. Among the contents we find "Above the Stars there is Rest," "Sleep well, sweet Angel," "Kathleen Aroon," "Oh! ye Tears," and "Thousand Greetings," by Abt; "Darling is Here," "Mother O sing me to Rest," by Franz; Dedication by Schumann; Auf Wiedersehen by Liebe; Tennyson's "Brook;" "Five o'clock in the Morning" that Parepa has made so popular; and others of equal excellence. The collection is varied, and calculated to please varied tastes.

The Publishers of *Our Young Folks*, Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co., of Boston, announce their willingness to send four numbers of their Magazine, from January to April of this year, as specimens, to any persons who will send them their address.

We trust this very liberal offer will bring this really valuable Magazine to the notice of all our readers and be the means of introducing it into all the families where it is now unknown.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia are about to issue the completion of Dr. Allibone's "Dictionary of English Literature, and British and American Authors,"—the first volume of which was published some years since by Mr. G. W. Childs. Persons desiring Vols. II. and III. uniform with the original edition of Vol. I., to complete their sets, are invited to send their names to the publishers.

The Bond of Peace of Philadelphia, the organ of the Universal Peace Union, is we learn to be enlarged and to be otherwise improved. It is published monthly, and devoted to radical peace principles. It seeks peace by an earnest advocacy of those conditions of society which make for peace. It is published by Ebenezer James and daughter, No. 600, Arch st., Philadelphia. Terms 1.00 per year.

The *Agitator* is the name of the new woman's rights paper, soon to be started in Chicago by Mrs. Livermore. The first number will be issued on the 11th of March. The price of the paper will be $2.50 a year in advance.

RECEIVED.

CHARLES READE'S NOVELS: *Peg Woffington, Christine Johnstone, and Other Stories.* 353 pp., Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

GOLDEN DEEDS, by Miss Yonge, Boston and Cambridge: Seaver, Francis & Co.

THE GOLDEN TREASURY of the best songs and lyrical poems in the English language, selected and arranged with notes, by Francis Turner Palgrave. 405 pp., Boston and Cambridge: Seaver, Francis & Co.

Merry's Museum for March. Boston: H. B. Fuller.

The Ladies' Repository for March. Boston: Universalist Publishing House.

The Little Corporal for March. Chicago: Alfred L. Sewall.

The Herald of Health. New York: Miller, Wood & Co.

PENNSYLVANIA.

CONTRIBUTIONS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ANNUAL MEETING AND FESTIVAL.

Samuel Holcomb,	2.00
Thomas Betts,	1.00
Benjamin Beans,	1.00
James A. Wright,	50.00
Agnes Crain,	5.00
Mary Grew,	5.00
Margaret J. Burleigh,	5.00
Seth Ely,	3.00
Joseph Fussell,	5.00
Mrs. Morris Davis,	5.00
Jona. Paxson,	2.00
H. D. Linton,	1.00
G. Haycock,	1.00
Martha Shoemaker,	1.00
Mrs. Cook,	5.00
M. and L. Conrad,	1.00
H. Ambler,	1.00
Rev. J. T. Sargent,	1.00
L. Mott,	1.00
Emma Newbold,	10.00
M. H. Newbold,	5.00
Lydia Newbold,	5.00
C. H. and A. Needles,	10.00
Benj. P. Hunt,	5.00
S. S. White,	10.00
Wm. Way,	1.00
Lydia White,	10.00
E. M. Davis,	25.00
H. Lewis,	10.00
C. Hamilton,	5.00
M. A. Jackson,	2.50
Joshua Hoopes and wife,	7.00
A. H. Love,	1.00
Mary Richardson,	2.00
Matilda Saxton,	5.00
Richard Mott,	20.00
Isabella M. Parish,	2.00
Robert Purvis,	10.00
J. K. Wildman,	5.00
William Whipper,	5.00
Wm. Lloyd,	2.00
Sarah Webb,	2.00
A. Warner,	1.00
Maggie Eastburn,	2.00
Cash,	5.05
Cash,	2.00
Cash,	7.00
Others, (List Mislaid)	34.50

Special Notices.

PREMIUMS

WE will send post-paid, to any one renewing a subscription for THE STANDARD and sending one new subscriber ($6); or remitting for two new subscribers ($6), a copy of ANNA E. DICKINSON'S new book, 301 pages, just issued by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, entitled "WHAT ANSWER?". As with her voice, so with her pen, Miss Dickinson pleads eloquently the cause of the still oppressed colored people. The story is one of thrilling interest, characterized by a noble purpose and high moral tone. It deserves, and will doubtless achieve, a wide circulation. Our premium offer puts it within easy reach of thousands.

WE continue to offer to old subscribers who renew their subscriptions and send one new subscriber for the year ($6); or to any who will send two new subscribers ($6); either of the following very desirable books:

Wendell Phillips' "Speeches, Lectures and Letters," 562 pages, with steel portrait—price $2.50.

Lydia Maria Child's Romance of the Republic, 442 pages—price $2.50.

Caroline H. Dall's "College, Market and Court, 498 pages—price $2.50.

CLUB RATES.

We will hereafter send *The Radical* ($4.50 a year) and THE STANDARD, each one year to old, or new subscribers, the two for $5.50;—

The Woman's Advocate ($2.00 a year) and THE STANDARD, the two for $4.00;—

The Herald of Health ($2.00 a year) and THE STANDARD, the two for $3.50;—

Merry's Museum ($1.50 a year) and THE STANDARD, the two for $3.50.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or a *Post-Office Money Order*, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money, *but always in a* REGISTED *letter*. The registration fee has been reduced to *fifteen cents*, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. *All* Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.

Subscribers to THE STANDARD in Philadelphia and vicinity, will please take notice that they can renew their subscriptions as well by sending their money *direct* to Aaron M. Powell, Editor of THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 39 Nassau street, New York City," as to me, and that it may cost less in momey and time to do so.

E. M. DAVIS.

FEB. 16, 1869.

Advertisements.

THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO REFORM.

THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE will labor for the legal and political Equality of Woman.

It will also consider the questions of Woman's Work, Education, Wages and Social Status. It will record the progress of the Cause abroad, and aim to be a faithful index of all important Home Movements. A Literary Department will be maintained.

Eminent Writers will be regular Contributors, and articles (to be liberally compensated) are solicited from all friends of the Movement.

The January number contained articles from Frances Dana Gage, Lucy Stone, Frederick Douglass, Miss Kate Field, W. J. Linton, Henry B. Blackwell, Aaron M. Powell, George S. Burleigh, Rev. J. W. Chadwick and other well-known writers. For the current year, arrangements of such a character are in progress, as warrant the assurance that each number will exhibit an improvement in quality and literary excellence.

The February number contained articles from CAROLINE H. DALL, HENRY B. BLACKWELL, LUCY STONE, RICHARD J. HINTON, SAMUEL C. BLACKWELL and others.

A Prize of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS is hereby offered for the best Story bearing upon the Question; FIFTY DOLLARS for the second best, and TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the third best—the MSS. (not to exceed 100 pp., nor be less than 50 pp., of THE ADVOCATE,) to be submitted in time for award and use by June, 1869. It is hoped by the Publisher that these liberal offers will stimulate writers to a spirited competition for the prizes, and thus enable him to present some of the best serials ever offered to the public.

THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE will be issued every month; each number containing 48 pages, printed from new type on fine paper, and furnished to subscribers for Two Dollars a year, payable in advance. To Clubs of Four or more, One Dollar and Fifty Cents per copy. Single Copy, Twenty Cents. The postage will be Twenty-four Cents a year.

Editors of journals publishing this Prospectus, or calling attention to it editorially, will be entitled to a copy for the year by sending a marked copy to the Publisher.

All Communications to be addressed,

WILLIAM P. TOMLINSON, Publisher,
39 Nassau Street, New York.

[Subscriptions for THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD and THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE will be received, the two furnished for $4.00 per annum].

HERALD OF HEALTH.

We will give any person subscribing for 1869, a beautiful Steel Engraving of "*Gen. Grant*," 19x24 inches in size, if he will send 25 cents extra.

For 30 Subscribers, and $60, we give an Elliptic Sewing Machine, worth $

Miscellaneous Department.

SHE DEFINES HER POSITION.

BY ELIZA S. RANDOLPH.

Lingering late in garden talk,
My friend and I, in the prime of June,
The long tree-shadows across the walk
Hinted the waning afternoon;
The bird-songs died in twitterings brief;
The clover was folding, leaf on leaf.]

Fairest season of all the year,
And fairest of years in all my time;
Earth is so sweet, and heaven so near,
Sure life itself must be just at prime.
Soft flower-faces that crowd our way,
Have you no word for us to-day?

Each in its nature stands arrayed:
Heliotropes to drink the sun;
Violet-shadows to haunt the shade;
Poppies, by every wind undone;
Lilies, just over-proud for grace;
Pansies, that laugh in every face.

Great bloused Peonies, half a-doze;
Mimulus, wild in change and freak;
Dainty flesh of the China Rose,
Tender and fine as a fairy's cheek,
(I watched him finger the folds apart
To get at the blush in its inmost heart).

Lo, at our feet what small blue eyes!
And still, as we looked, their numbers came
Like shy stars out of the evening skies,
When the east is gray, and the west is flame.
—"Gather yourself, and give to me,
Those Forget-me-nots," said he.

Word of command I take not ill;
When love commands, love likes to obey.
But, while my words my thoughts fulfil,
"Forget me not," I will not say,
Vows for the false; an honest mind
Will not be bound, and will not bind.

In your need of me I put my trust,
And your lack of need shall be my ban;
'Tis time to remember when you must;
Time to forget me, when you can.
Yet cannot the wildest thought of mine
Fancy a life distuned from thine.

. . . Small reserve is between us two;
'Tis heart to heart, and brain to brain;
Bare as an arrow, straight and true,
Struck his thought to my thought again.
"Not distuned; one song of praise,
First and third, our lives shall raise."

Close we stood in the rosy glow,
Watching the cloudland tower and town;
Watching the double Castor grow
Out of the east as the sun rolled down.
"Yonder, how star drinks star!" said he;
Yield thou so; live thou in me."

Nay, we are close—we are not one,
More than those stars that seem to shine
In the self-same place, yet each a sun,
Each distinct in its sphere divine.
Like to Himself art thou, we know;
Like to Himself am I also.

What did He mean, when he sent us forth,
Soul and soul, to this lower life?
Each with a purpose, each a worth,
Each an arm for the human strife.
Armor of thine is not for me;
Neither is mine adjudged by thee.

Now in the lower life we stand,
Weapons donned, and the strife begun;
Higher nor lower; hand to hand;
Each helps each with the glad "Well done!"
Each girds each to nobler ends;
None less lovers because such friends.

So in the peace of the closing day,
Resting, as striving side by side,
What does He mean? again we say;
For what new lot are our souls allied?
Comes to my ken, in Death's advance,
Life in its next significance.

See yon tortoise; he crossed the path
At noon, to hide where the grass is tall;
In a slow half sense of the sun-king's wrath,
Burrowing close to the garden wall.
—Think, could we pour into that dull brain
A man's whole life, joy, thought and pain!

So, methinks, is the life we lead,
To the larger life that next shall be:
Narrow in thought, uncouth in deed;
Crawling, who yet shall walk so free;
Walking, who yet on wings shall soar;
Flying, who shall need wings no more.

Lo, in the larger life we stand;
We drop the weapons, we take the tools:
We serve with mind who served with hand;
We live by laws who lived by rules.
And our old earth-love, with its mortal bliss,
Was the fancy of babe for babe, to this.

. . . Visions begone! Above us rise
The worlds, on his work majestic sent.
Floating below, the small fire-flies
Make up a tremulous firmament.
Stars in the grass, and roses dear,
Earth is full sweet, though heaven is near.

—*Continental Monthly.*

IMMORTALITY.

DISCOURSE BY COL. T. W. HIGGINSON.

The sixth discourse in the series of "Sunday afternoon" meetings in Horticultural Hall, Boston, was by Col. T. W. Higginson his subject being "Immortality." There was a larger assemblage than at any previous meeting, unless it were when Mrs. Howe spoke.

INTRODUCTORY.

In commencing, Mr. Higginson said that he had consented to take part in this course of lectures with great reluctance, because it was now ten years since he had left what is called the ministry, or had spoken in public on Sunday. Yet this discontinuance of a once familiar custom may have brought to him this advantage, that whatever he had to say could be said without any of the conventionalisms and that almost inevitably autocratic attitude of the pulpit, and also perhaps without those antagonisms against the pulpit attitude which is characteristic in a great degree of those who have left it very lately. He could therefore feel, somewhat confidently, that he was able to speak his sentiments as a man, not as an institution, nor as a piece of reaction from an institution, which is almost as bad. He once heard old Dr. Beecher preach, and he should never forget the cheerfulness with which he remarked, after he had announced his text, "That is a good text." He had forgotten what the text was, and what the sermon was, but that one sentence stood in his mind, for old Dr. Beecher, the father of more brains than any man in America. If ever a person had a good text to speak from, a text which condenses into one word the substance of a myriad of discourses, he had it in the word "Immortality."

SOCRATES AND IMMORTALITY.

In the remarkable narrative of the last days of Socrates, Crito is reported as asking him, "Where shall we bury you?" To which Socrates answered, "I cannot persuade this Crito that I am Socrates that now arranges and methodizes this discourse, he is so convinced that I am that which is to be borne away and buried out of sight. And so it seemed that all this which I have been arguing to you—that presently I shall be with you no more, but shall go away, when I have drank the poison, to some happy state of blessedness—is all in vain, and Crito does not believe it. Ask me rather where you shall bury my body, and I will gladly answer you 'Bury me anywhere and anyhow you please.'" Thirty centuries have passed since then; generations, races, and languages have come and gone; the religious sentiment of the world has embodied itself in forms unknown to Socrates, dogmas of which he never dreamed; new minglings of mythology have come to disturb the pure religious instincts as the old ones did, and still we utter those timid and faithless words, and the Critos are more numerous in the world than the representatives of Socrates. The moments of inconsistency are more common than the moments of clear sight.

ERRONEOUS IDEAS.

It used to be thought that the magnet lost its power when it was brought near a burial ground, and our moral magnets seem to have very much the same characteristic. We evade unpleasant points and keep them out of sight. How rare things are simplicity of faith, a quiet, easy, habitual cheerfulness of looking at all the facts of time or of eternity! How many Christian ministers have devoted their best energies to bringing the instinctive faith in immortality to the minds of their children, proving to them by argument, heaping volumes upon volumes upon them, to show that no one has a right to believe in immortality on any evidence that free religion can furnish; that any faith in immortality before the time of Jesus is a baseless faith and reflects no credit on the logic of those who hold it. And then, after destroying in their children, so far as in their power, the only grounds on which the faith in immortality can be erected, they try to balance the injury by giving their children libraries of volumes on the resurrection of Jesus.

DIVERSE PATHS.

There were many different paths by which persons might come to believe in immortality, just as in the royal forests of France the roads are so arranged that they converge from time to time in certain sunny places in the central forest, which are called stars. In the forest of life the thought of immortality is such a star. There is no one road prescribed on which all men are to walk. We may walk on any road which will take us there, and we will end in the faith of immortality. We need not be anxious because others are going a different road, but reverence the different means God gives us for finding the same great truth of immortality. He was glad that we lived in a world long enough and belonged to a human nature vast enough to give to a hundred souls different methods of reaching the truth, and to give them the possibility of a sympathy so wide and a mutual trust so deep, that some day or other, if not now, each may be willing to respect the individuality of the others.

BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY AN INSTINCT.

The first path by which we come to the thought of immortality is the path of Instinct. It is useless for those who are born without this instinct, or have lost it in their cradles, to deny it, when the whole lives of others were made happy by its possession. All over the world, among the most uninstructed people, we find the dawning of this instinct. Was there ever an American Indian who had not the instinct of immortality? The speaker had lived for two years among the Southern negroes, whose whole lives were transformed and ennobled by their belief in immortality, which he believed from the bottom of his soul to be an instinct. It was a part of their very natures, and could not be taken away from them. It gave them strength in danger, patience under adversity, and roused and stirred them into action.

A NEGRO SEER.

In the regiment which the speaker commanded, was an old black man named Adam Allston, who was the seer and prophet of the regiment. When anything important was on foot, when any excitement went through the camp, old Adam's tent used to be surrounded by the blacks in the evening listening to his earnest prayers. When they were to be roused to any act of courage and energy, the exhortations of old Adam were not in regard to the attainment of glory or even to the performance of their duty, but rather the certainty for future life and the insignificance and triviality of the fact of death. Once when the regiment was coming down the river in a steamboat from an incursion into the enemy's country, the old man addressed the men in his quaint accents as follows:—"When I heerd de bom-shell screaming troo de ar, like de judgment day, I said to myself, 'Suppose my head was tooken off dis night, dey couldn't put my soul in de torments unless God was my enemy;' and when de rifle-balls came hissing 'cross de deck I prayed aloud, 'Lord, help my congregation. Boys, load an' fire!'" Said the speaker, "Since the 'Fear God, and keep your powder dry' of Oliver Cromwell, where has there been an appeal like that? This old man could not give a reason for his belief in immortality—it was an instinct; he could not think any other way."

DEATH NOT REPUGNANT TO MAN.

All his life the speaker had believed in immortality; he had never had a doubt about it, and he was as sure as any one could be that it was simply an instinct. How false are our theologies and traditions in regard to the immediate fact of death! Dying people did not have their fear of death which false teachings implant in the minds of the robust. People who when in health were the most horrified at the idea of death, lose all that repugnance as it approaches. He never heard of a person who, as the time of death drew near, was afraid to die; and he had seen death in many forms, and had talked with many familiar with disease. This reconciliation to death is not caused by the prayers of clergymen: it is the instinct of the human soul, which comforts us as death draws near.

FAITH IN IMMORTALITY THROUGH LOVE.

Another path to a belief in immortality, when from any cause the instinct is undeveloped, is through Love. He once knew a gifted woman who, through girlhood, was tormented with an apparent inability to believe in immortality; but who, as soon as she became a mother and her babe was lying on her breast, wrote to him that her doubts were gone, and that the first dawnings of the spirit in her babe's life were too plain to be mistaken; and when, six months afterwards, the babe left her and preceded her to heaven, she said: "Since my child went to heaven, heaven has come down to me; I have but one solicitude, that growth may come on slowly there, so that I may take her in my arms again." That is the path to the idea of immortality by love, and it is a very simple one. So strong is the emotion that he had known a young mother to cling to it, although brought up and surrounded by infidels who ridiculed her in every way for believing that she should meet her child in another world.

BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY THROUGH THE WILL.

Another path to the idea of immortality is through the Will. There sometimes comes over us, when we think of the noblest and strongest souls we have ever known, such a sense of power, and permanency, such a consciousness of strength, that it is at such moments impossible for us to conceive that our individual existence is terminated or resolved into some vast nebulosity of life. The world must be so full; there is so much to be done. It is rare to see such a combination as we have seen in that person, and he or she seem to traverse the course of life with such a solidity of vigor that we at once feel that there must be immortality. Sometimes we feel this for ourselves. Sometimes, when we are fully roused and concentrated on something that interests us profoundly we feel such a consciousness of being organized into an individual force that it seems as if we must last beyond this world; as if we were meant for something more than three-score years and ten. It doesn't require a vast amount of thought once in a while to have such a feeling as that; though one may not keep it always. God has put into the soul of man a possibility of will so strong that he rejoices in some moments of his life to accept it, and says within himself, reverently, "I have decided not to die." There is no argument so strong as the mutual influence we exert upon one another. We are stronger for each other's strength.

BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY INTELLECTUAL.

The last path by which men come to the faith in immortality is by the intellect. The intellect demands satisfaction: it has a right to satisfaction. We may believe in immortality through instinct, or through love, or through visible strength; but we want our whole nature concentrated. We want something that intellect also can accept and hold to. See how the intellect comes in to accept and mould into a whole these other thoughts. See how with this path all the others may run; this instinct, this yearning desire of the race, this sense of demand of immortality. Well, what more does intellect want than that? Take the very philosophy we call modern, the philosophy of induction, the Baconian, what law can induction establish for the created world more vast and certain than this, that every instinct through all existences up to man predicts its own fulfilment, that every desire of a race is sure of gratification? To the speaker the fact that the idea of immortality was susceptible of logical demonstration added nothing. But the path of intellect was the path through which many had come and would come to; the idea and arguments that he had advanced were only a few that might be given.

SPIRITUALISM.

But for the human race the inferences in favor of immortality are irresistble, but how far the recent strange mysteries and advances in spiritual science are to still further elucidate it, was a question he had not time to discuss; but he believed that the so-called spiritualists were in the path which has led to all the great physical discoveries in times past, and that their opponents represent those who in all ages have hindered the progress of science. But the whole pseudo-science of spiritualism, for it was only a few scattered phenomena, was so immature that it was impossible to include it as one of the paths by which the speaker could lead his hearers to the thoughts of immortality. Yet it had led the minds of tens of thousands, who had never been comforted before, to a faith in immortality, and this blessedness was so great that multitudes of others were yearning to embrace the same belief.

CONCLUSION.

By these various paths the human race, in its various temperaments, comes to this great knowledge. In proportion as they attain it, their life becomes larger and wider, and they live on, regardless of the little fact of death. They feel sure that in whatever sphere they live there is something for us to do, and it makes little difference where we do it. When a person believes in immortality sincerely, it makes little difference to him whether he stays here to do some particular work, or goes somewhere else to do another. He is like the sailor on board ship, whose duty it is, not to do his own will, but the will of his master. A deep and abiding belief in immortality make fame and fortune alike indifferent to us. When one lives nobly day by day, he feels that he may one day look back upon all our joys and emotions here, and say to his companions in the other world, "Do you remember yonder planet where once we went to school together, and what happened in that school?"—*Boston Post's Report.*

LITTLE FINGERS.

Busy little fingers,
Everywhere they go;
Rosy little fingers,
The sweetest that I know!

Now into my work-box,
All the buttons finding,
Tangling up the knitting,
Every spool unwinding!

Now into the basket
Where the keys are hidden,
So mischievous looking,
Knowing it forbidden.

Then in mother's tresses,
Now her neck enfolding,
With such sweet caresses
Keeping off a scolding.

Darling little fingers,
Never, never still,
Make them Heavenly Father,
One day do thy will.

—*Children's Picture Magazine.*

What you write me about your increased business rejoices me much. You know how often we have talked over the subject, but I cannot share your sentiment, that any one profession is preferable to another. I always think that whatever an intelligent man gives his heart to, and really understands, must become a noble vocation; and I only personally dislike those in whom there is nothing personal, and in whom all individuality disappears; as, for example, the military profession in peace, of which we have instances here. But with regard to the others it is more or less untrue. When one profession is compared with another, the one is usually taken in its naked reality, and the other in the most beautiful ideality, and then the decision is quickly made. How easy it is for the artist to feel such reality in his sphere, and yet esteem *practical* men happy who have studied and known the different relations of men towards each other, and who help others to live by their own life and progress, and at once see the fruits of all that is tangible, useful, and benevolent instituted by them! In one respect too an upright man has the hardest stand to make, in knowing that the public are more attracted by outward show than by the truth. But individual failures and strife must not be allowed to have their growth in the heart; there must be something to occupy and to elevate it far above these isolated, external things. This speaks strongly in favor of my opinion, for it is the best part of every calling, and common to all—to yours, to mine, and to every other. Where is it that you find beauty when I am working at a quartette or a symphony? Merely in that portion of myself that I transfer to it, or can succeed in expressing; and you can do this in as full a measure as any man, in your defence of a culprit, or in a case of libel, or in any one thing that entirely engrosses you, and that is the great point. If you can only give utterance to your inmost thoughts, and if these inmost thonghts become more and more worthy of being expressed, * * * all the rest is indifferent.—*Mendelssohn's Letters.*

"If God held all truth shut in his right hand, and in his left nothing but the ever restless instinct for truth, though with the condition of forever and ever erring, and should say to me Choose! I would bow reverently to his left hand, and say, Father give! Pure truth is for Thee alone."—*Lessing.*

FAITH.

In the gloaming, when my darlings,
In their dainty robes of white,
By the mother's knee have murmured,
"Jesus, keep us through the night."

To their little crib, white curtained,
Where the upper shadows fall,
Nestled in my arms, I take them
Through the long unlighted hall.

Swift, in rayless silence, round us
Close the deepening shades of night;
"Dark!" my blue-eyed Bertie whispers,
Half in awe, and half in fright.

"Dark!" the baby brother echoes,
With a hush upon his glee;
Then my Bertie, nestling nearer,
Whispers softly, "Papa see!"

Blessed, blessed faith of childhood!
Father grant this faith to me;
Dark the shadows round me gather,
But I know that Thou dost see.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LONDON PROOF READER.

I remember a somewhat ludicrous anecdote related of the late Theodore Hook. In the printing office of Mr. Bentley, brother of the publisher, there was an old compositor who went by the nickname of "Twaddle." In completing a sheet of one of Mr. Hook's novels, the copy was given out in small takes, or portions, to each one of which the compositor's name was, as usual, appended. When the proof was sent out to the author there appeared a line draw down the margin of a certain page with the word "Twaddle" at the side. Mr. Hook received his proof, read it, and brought it back to the office with the remark that, "though he was not above criticism, he did not think the reader was quite the man to make it." Mr. Bentley sent for the reader, who explained the circumstance to the novelist. Mr. Hook heard him patiently, but was by no means satisfied with the explanation offered. "It is very ingenious of you, Mr. Reader," said he, "to explain away the matter in that fashion. I have read the passage over and over again, and, though it is certainly not very brilliant, I don't think it deserves to be called 'twaddle!'" The reader protested, and assured him that the man was so called in the office, and offered to send for him to confirm his assertion. But Theodore Hook would not be convinced. "Well, well," he observed, "I shall say no more about it; but don't let it occur again. Twaddle indeed?"

Lord Brougham was one of those fast, careless writers. It once happened to me to take to his lordship a manuscript which the compositors and readers had in vain endeavored to translate into sense. I found him busy writing in his chambers, and humbly represented that his m was scarcely as plain as it might be. "Plain" exclaimed his lordship; "it is illegible! Here, boy, can you write?" I told him I could. "Well, then," said he, "sit down and write what I tell you." And for three hours he walked up and down the room, dictating to me an article which aferward appeared in a popular magazine. And not a little proud was I of the honor done me.

Thackeray was a very careful writer, putting in all the points necessary to the sense, and leaving nothing to be added by compositor or reader. I was engaged on the *Cornhill* during his so-called editorship, and the number of pages set up and deleted would scarcely be credited. He was too good natured to refuse a paper submitted by a friend, and too little of an editor to go through the drudgery of reading articles in manuscript, generally confining himself to the composition of his own papers, to some of which he occasionally failed to give titles till they came to him in proofs. In one case, I recollect, the compositors, when called upon to "charge their lines," being puzzled what to name an article so sent in, one suggested "A Tale Without a Name;" but at last they agreed to call it "The Raving of a Madman." When, however, they learned the fact that the article was from the pen of Thackeray, they saw with others' eyes, and discovered beauties in what they had previously considered incoherent nonsense!

Every Christian a Church.—As man is a little world, so every Christian is a little church within himself. As the Church, therefore, is sometimes in the wane, through persecution, other times in full glory and brightness, so let me expect myself to be sometimes drooping under temptations, and sadly hanging down the head for the want of the feeling of God's presence; at other times carried with the full sail of a resolute assurance to heaven, knowing that as it is a church at the weakest stay, or shall I, in my greatest dejection, hold the child of God.—*Bishop Hall.*

EACH FOR ALL AND ALL FOR EACH.

The greatest vantage for humanity
Is this: that each does everything for all,
And each in turn receives from all the same.
How little one contributes to the whole,
How much, however, one receives from all!
How true a guard humanity to each,
How little more is needed after all
For concord, bliss and peace, and the unmarred
Freedom of all men, than the will of all:
To seek with life itself the good of each!
'Tis with the slightest means God will effect
The greatest purposes—but thro' the greatest
Of sentiments, through the divinest: Love.

—*The Layman's Breviary.*

Birds and their Uses.—The following facts are derived from correct sources of information, of the question how to get rid of the worms. Baron Von Tschudi, the well-known Swiss naturalist, says: "Without birds, successful agriculture is impossible. They annihilate in a few months a greater number of destructive insects, than human hands can accomplish in the same number of years. Amongst the most useful birds for this purpose may be classed the swallow, wren, robin redbreast, titmouse, sparrow and finch." Tschudi tested a titmouse upon the rose bushes of his neighbor, and rid the same in a few hours of innumerable lice. A robin redbreast killed in the neighborhood of eight hundred flies in an hour. A pair of night swallows destroyed in fifteen minutes an immense swarm of gnats. A pair of wrens flew thirty-six times in an hour, with insects in their bills, to their nests. He considers the sparrows very important, a pair of them carrying in a single day 300 worms or caterpillars to their nests—certainly a good compensation for the few cherries they pluck from the trees. The generality of small birds carry to their young ones, during the feeding period, nothing but insects, worms, snails, spiders, etc. Sufficient interest should be manifested by all to prevent the discharge of fire arms in the vicinity of orchards, vineyards and flower gardens, as thereby the useful birds become frightened.—*London Farmer's Advocate.*

PRESIDENT GRANT

MUST BE KNOWN TO BE APPRECIATED.

Do not purchase a Sewing Machine until you have examined the

FLORENCE.

It makes four distinct stitches. Feeds the work either way. Sews over heavy seams without change of tension, and never skips stitches. Every Machine warranted to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded.

BICKFORD'S KNITTING MACHINE.

An improvement over all others—capable of doing all the different varieties of Fancy Work. Price $30.

Liberal discount to the trade.

Silk, Cotton, all kinds of Machine Needles, Shuttles, Bobbins, Oil, and Machine Trimmings, etc.

505 Broadway, New York.
141 Washington, Street, Boston,
Foster & Richardson,
General Agents.

e34-48

REMOVAL.

THE EMPIRE SEWING MACHINE CO.

HAVE REMOVED TO THEIR NEW AND ELEGANT STORE,

294 BOWERY, N.Y.

Between Houston and Bleecker streets. Their new and spacious Factory is now in full operation, which will enable them to fill all orders promptly. Their improved No. 2 and 3 Machines for Family and Manufacturing purposes are not only equal, but superior to any other Machines in market. Agents wanted. Liberal discount allowed.

EMPIRE SEWING MACHINE CO.,
294 Bowery, N. Y.

a7 1y

THE AMERICAN VAPOR STOVE.

THE MOST PERFECT COOKING APPARATUS FOR ALL SEASONS OF THE YEAR EVER KNOWN.

It is durable, economical, safe, convenient, and easily managed without skill or expenience on the part of the operator. Thousands are already in use, and perfect satisfaction is given.

It is not only a saving over all other fuel, but is also a great saving of Time and Labor.

RETAIL PRICES OF STOVES.

No. 1, one cover, 5 to 9 inches	$10
No. 2, two covers, 5 to 9 inches	16 00
No. 3, three covers, 5 to 9 inches	25
No. 4, four covers, 5 to 9 inches	35 0
Young's Magic Broiler	2 00
Portable Ovens	$3 00, $5 00 and $7 00

Fuel for those stoves can be obtained at all oil refineries, or of this Company and its agencies throughout the United States.

Send for descriptive pamphlet, with Report of Committee of American Institute, Farmers' Club.

THE AMERICAN VAPOR STOVE CO.,
484 Broadway, New York.

a25-51

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

The reputation this excellent medicine enjoys, is derived from its cures, many of which are truly marvellous. Inveterate cases of Scrofulous disease, where the system seemed saturated with corruption, have been purified and cured by it. Scrofulous affections and disorders, which were aggravated by the scrofulous contamination until they were painfully afflicting, have been radically cured in such great numbers in almost every section of the country, that the public scarcely need to be informed of its virtues or uses.

Scrofulous poison is one of the most destructive enemies of our race. Often, this unseen and unfelt tenant of the organism undermines the constitution, and invites the attack of enfeebling or fatal diseases, without exciting a suspicion of its presence. Again, it seems to breed infection throughout the body, and then, on some favorable occasion, rapidly develop into one or other of its hideous forms, either on the surface or among the vitals. In the latter, tubercles may be suddenly deposited in the lungs or heart, or tumors formed in the liver, or it shows its presence by eruptions on the skin, or foul ulcerations on some part of the body. Hence the occasional use of a bottle of this *Sarsaparilla* is advisable, even when no active symptoms of disease appear. Persons afflicted with the following complaints generally find immediate relief, and, at length, cure, by the use of this *SARSAPARILLA: St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Sore Eyes, Sore Ears*, and other eruptions or visible forms of *Scrofulous* disease. Also in the more concealed forms, as *Dyspepsia, Dropsy, Heart Disease, Fits, Epilepsy, Neuralgia*, and the various *Uterous* affections of the muscular and nervous systems.

Syphilis or *Venereal* and *Mercurial Diseases* are cured by it, though a long time is required for subduing these obstinate maladies by any medicine. But long continued use of this medicine will cure the complaint. *Leucorrhœa* or *Whites, Uterine Ulcerations*, and *Female Diseases*, are commonly soon relieved and ultimately cured by its purifying and invigorating effect. Minute Directions for each case are found in our Almanac, supplied gratis. *Rheumatism* and *Gout*, when caused by accumulations of extraneous matters in the blood, yield quickly to it, as also *Liver Complaints, Torpidity, Congestion* or *Inflammation* of the *Liver*, and *Jaundice*, when arising, as they often do, from the rankling poisons in the blood. This *SARSAPARILLA* is a great restorer for the strength and vigor of the system. Those who Do Languish and *Listless, Despondent, Sleepless*, and troubled with *Nervous Apprehensions* or *Fears*, or any of the affections symptomatic of *Weakness*, will find immediate relief and convincing evidence of its restorative power upon trial.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

BRITISH PERIODICALS.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW (Conservative.)
THE EDINBURGH REVIEW (Whig.)
THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Radical.)
THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW (Free-Church.)
AND
BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE (Tory.)

These foreign periodicals are regularly republished by us in the same style as heretofore. Those who know them and who have long subscribed to them, need no reminder; those whom the civil war of the last few years has deprived of their once welcome supply of the best periodical literature, will be glad to have them again within their reach; and those who may never yet have met with them, will assuredly be well pleased to receive creditable reports of the progress of European science and literature.

TERMS FOR 1868.

For any one of the Reviews	$400 per annum.
For any two of the Reviews	7.00 "
For any three of the Reviews	10.00 "
For all four of the Reviews	12.00 "
For Blackwood's Magazine	4.00 "
For Blackwood and one Review	7.00 "
For Blackwood and any two of the Reviews	10.00 "
For Blackwood and three of the Reviews	13.00 "
For Blackwood and the four Reviews	15.00 "

POSTAGE.

When sent by mail, the Postage to any part of the United States will be but Twenty-four Cents a year for "Blackwood," and but Eight Cents a year for the Reviews.

The L. S. PUBLISHING CO. also publish the

FARMER'S GUIDE.

by Henry Stephens, of Edinburgh, and the late J. P. Norton, of Yale College, 2 vols., Royal Octavo, 1600 pages, and numerous Engravings.

Price $7 for the two volumes—by mail, post-paid, $8.

THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING CO.
140 Fulton St. New York.

VOX HUMANA

VOX CELESTE

E. P. Needham & Son, late Carhart & Needham, Nos. 143, 145 and 147 East Twenty-third street, New York. Church, School and Parlor Organs and Melodeons, of every description, at reduced prices. The most perfect VOX HUMANA ever produced. Also The Vox Celeste of unequalled purity.

Catalogue and price list sent by mail. Address,

E. P. NEEDHAM & SON,
e39-12t.

TREMOLO

WATERS'

NEW SCALE PIANOS,

With Iron Frame, Overstrung Bass and Agraffe Bridge.

MELODEONS AND CABINET ORGANS.

The best Manufactured. Warranted for six years.

Fifty pianos, Melodeons and Organs of six first-class makers, at REDUCED PRICES FOR CASH during this month. The same to-let and rent allowed if purchased. Monthly instalments received. Second-hand instruments at great bargains. Illustrated catalogues mailed for three cents. Warerooms, 481 Broadway, New York. HORACE WATERS.

24-99

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, PARIS, 1868.

AWARDED:

1st—ONE (of the five) GRAND PRIZE.

"Material for the Relief of the wounded in the war of 1864

IN THE DEPARTMENT, UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION.

The Highest Expression of the Imperial Commission.

2d—Bronze Medal (exclusive o st) and Diploma.

DR. E. D. HUDSON.

FOR ARTIFICIAL LIMBS (Legs and Arms.)

By the International Jury, PARIS, 1867.

Le Conseiller D'Etat, Commissaire General, F. Le Play. | Le Ministre, Vice-Pres't de la Com. Imperiale, Ch. Forrade.

Report of U. S. Commissioner, T. W. Evans, M. D., Member of the Jury of the Universal Exposition, to the United States. William H. Seward, Secretary, Department of State. To wit:

Dr. Hudson has received from the Imperial Commission a Bronze Medal and Diploma, for the limbs sent by him, which have been particularly admired, and are in execution unquestionably the most remarkable in the Exposition." (The only Limbs which had the award of the Medal.)

TESTIMONIAL OF THE

CONFERENCE

OF THE

INTERNATIONAL SANITARY COMMISSION

At the Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1867.

'In the name of the Conference of Associations for the Relief of Wounded Soldiers and Sailors,

"I have the honor to inform you that a Medal has been awarded to you, by the Assembly of Delegates at the Distinguished Seance of the 31st of August, 1867—for the services which you have rendered to the cause of Universal Humanity.

Paris, September 9th, 1868.

Count Sehuler, Commissioner General of the International Exposition, & President of the Conference.
Count G. de Chabouly, } General Secretaries.
T. Gauvin. }

To Monsieur Hudson."

E. D. HUDSON, M D., 696 Broadway, N. Y.

Specialty of Mechanical Surgery, and Artificial Legs and Arms.

31—tf

THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

VOL. XXIX. PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

AARON M. POWELL, Editor.

The Standard advocates entire freedom and immediate enfranchisement for the colored race, as the demand of justice. Chattelism has been abolished, but equal freedom for the colored race has not yet been secured.

Eminent writers contribute weekly to its columns, and the Editor is permitted to announce

WENDELL PHILLIPS

as a Special Editorial Contributor. Full reports will also be published of the Addresses of Mr. Phillips, revised and corrected by himself.

The Standard, though chiefly devoted to the consideration of the Freedom and well-being of the colored race, will, as hitherto, hospitably entertain the claims of movements of a kindred end and aim, as the Rights of Women, Temperance, Education, etc. It will also present a department of choice Literary Miscellany. It is intended that, without forgetting its main object, The Standard shall be carefully and thoroughly edited in all its other departments, and be welcomed by all classes of readers.

Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, in a letter accompanying remittance for The Standard, writes as follows:

WAYLAND, MASS., Feb. 1, 1868.

Aaron M. Powell—*Dear Sir*—Inclosed is $3 00, our yearly subscription for The Standard. Money cannot pay for the privilege of having a paper that speaks the truth boldly, without fear or favor, alike unfettered by sect, and untrammeled by any political party. Such a paper was never more needed than at the present time and I am thankful to see that so many friends rally to its support. Yours, cordially,

L. Maria Child.

PREMIUMS.

We offer to our friends what we are sure will be esteemed very liberal and welcome compensation for their efforts to add to our subscription list, namely: to old subscribers who renew their subscriptions and send one new subscriber for the year ($6); or to any who will send two new subscribers ($6) we will send either the following very desirable books:

Wendell Phillips' "Speeches, Lectures and Letters." 562 pages, with steel portrait—price $2.50.

Lydia Maria Child's "Romance of the Republic." 442 pages—price $2.50.

Caroline H. Dall's "College, Market and Court." 498 pages—price $2.50.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Copy, One Year,	$3 00
Ten Copies to one Address, each	2 50
Twenty Copies, each,	2 00

A limited number of Advertisements will be received at the following rates:

One line, first insertion,	15 cents.
" each subsequent insertion,	10 "
" one month,	40 "
" three months,	$1 00
" one year,	3 00
Special Notices, per line,	20 cents.

Special arrangements will be made with yearly advertisers.

Subscriptions and advertisements payable in advance.

Yearly advertisements, quarterly in advance.

Single Copies of The Standard may be had of the American News Company, 121 Nassau Street, and at the Office of Publication

All communications should be addressed to,

A. M. POWELL,
Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard.
39 Nassau Street, New York.

LIFE SIZED PHOTOGRAPHS
TEN DOLLARS
ROCKWOOD 839 BROADWAY N.Y

THE RADICAL:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM AND NATURAL RELIGION.

EDITED BY S. H. MORSE & J. B. MARVIN

The general purpose and character of this work may be sufficiently indicated in its title. It is proper, however, to add the following statement: The Radical furnishes a medium for the freest expression of thought on the questions that interest earnest minds in every community. Not having to consult denominational or party interests, it can consistently enforce the lessons of intellectual freedom and self-dependence. Confiding more in the natural force of Ideas for the progress and melioration of society, than in the good offices of the best disposed institution; in the Divine Spirit of Liberty steadily burning in the soul of man, rather than in the wisest prescriptions of political or ecclesiastical art; we are ambitious, by the discussion of ideas and principles, to fortify individuals in their trust of Spiritual Laws, and in an unwavering reliance on the protestions of heroic character. As occasion demands, we shall criticize public affairs, and consider the different reformatory movements of the present day.

The following are among the regular or occasional

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE RADICAL:

JOHN T. SARGENT,	JOHN SAVARY,
SAMUEL JOHNSON,	J. C. LEARNED,
ROBERT COLLYER,	A. E. KROEGER,
W. H. FURNESS,	JOHN W. CHADWICK,
A. BRONSON ALCOTT,	O. B. FROTHINGHAM,
GEORGE HOWISON,	MONCURE D. CONWAY,
F. E. ABBOT,	SAMUEL LONGFELLOW,
WILLIAM J. POTTER,	CHARLES K. WHIPPLE,
JOHN WEISS,	T. W. HIGGINSON,
D. A. WASSON,	EVERETT FINLEY,

The Radical is issued every month; each number containing 80 pages, printed from new type on fine paper, and furnished to subscribers at Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Single Copy, Thirty Cents. The postage is 24 cents a year, payable at the office of delivery.

*** All communications are to be addressed. The Radical, Lock Box 198, Boston, Mass.

Published by the Proprietors, 25 Broomfield street, Boston.

☞ Subscriptions for The Radical and the National Anti-Slavery Standard will be received at this office, the two for $6.50 per annum. [Nat. Standard.]

S. LASAR, NO. 80 CEDAR STREET, N. Y.

Notary Public for the State of New York, and Commissioner of Deeds and Territories, etc., etc.